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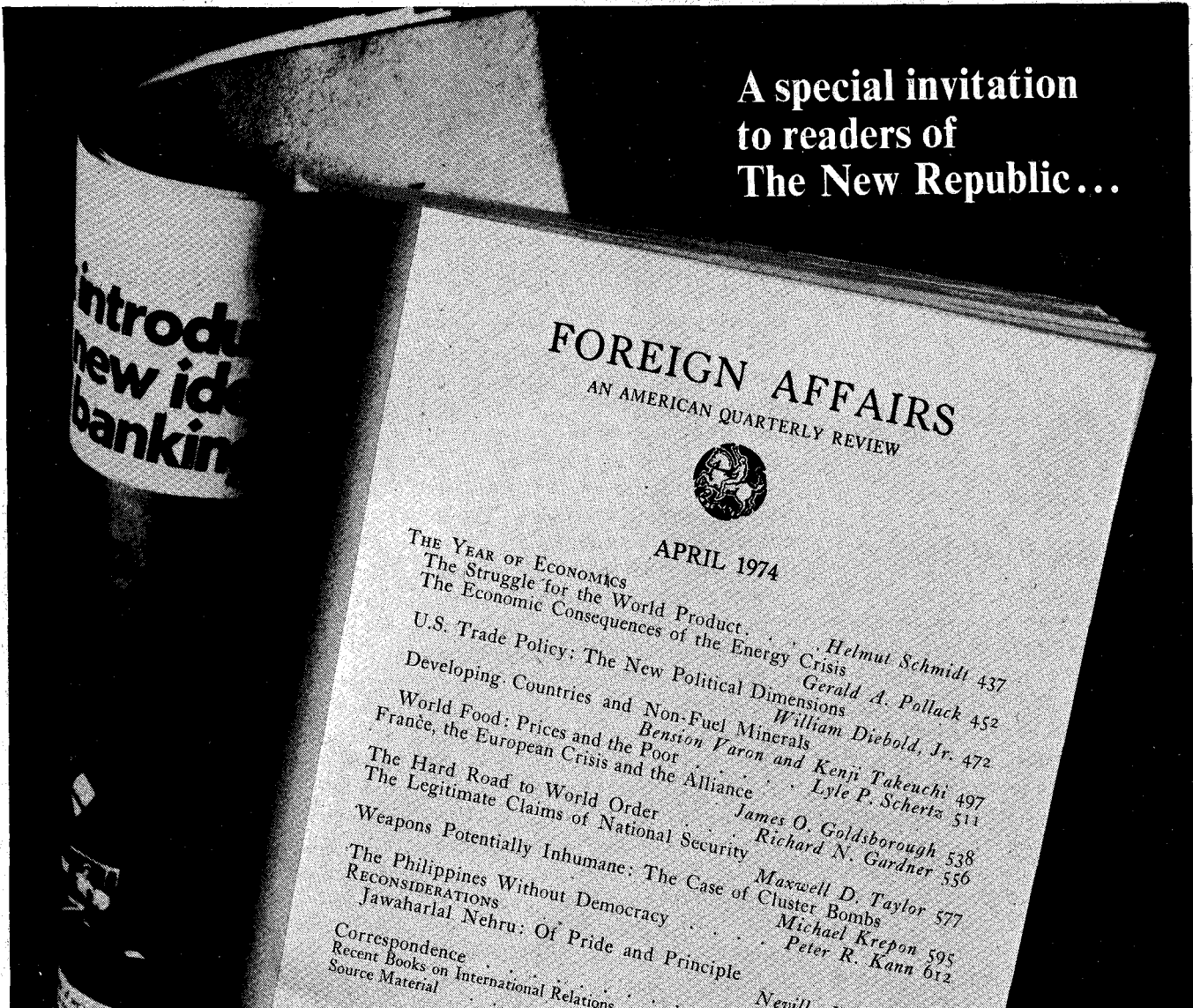
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TRB

from Washington
March 30, 1974

One-Third Plus One

Americans awoke one morning last October to discover that the President overnight had declared a worldwide military alert. American air, ground and sea forces all 'round the globe were in a state of readiness; so were planes loaded with nuclear bombs. It came near the end of the Middle East war and just five days after the so-called "Saturday night massacre" in Washington in which Messrs. Cox, Richardson and Ruckelshaus left the administration explosively. For the White House it was a time of extraordinary strain.

"There are those in the international community," Mr. Nixon said ominously four days earlier, "who may be tempted by our Watergate-related difficulties at home to misread America's unity and resolve in meeting the challenges we confront abroad."

And crusty AFL-CIO President George Meany asked about "the dangerous emotional instability of the President," which brought cries of rage from the White House.

Secretary Kissinger held a press conference that noon at which reporters asked whether there was any connection between the alert and events at home? "It is a symptom of what is happening to our country," the Secretary answered sorrowfully, "that it could even be suggested that the United States would alert its forces for domestic reasons."

He promised that the minute the crisis was over, within a week afterward, he would make an explanation of the alert. Actually the crisis passed very quickly. But Mr. Kissinger didn't give his explanation. People were left wondering.

Since then the strain on the beleaguered President has been building up

to another peak. On October 31 the astonished nation found that two of the tapes, after all, were missing. In December came the record of Mr. Nixon's extraordinary tax returns. This followed the earlier disclosure of all the money the government had spent fixing up the President's private homes in California and Florida.

But there would be "no more sensations." Operation Candor was undertaken; this would be an aggressive period of speeches and travel that would "turn it around." On November 28, right after Congress confirmed Gerald Ford, the unfortunate Fred Buzhardt, White House special counsel, came out from the court to reveal the 18½-minute erasure in another tape. In mid-January a panel of technical experts, approved by the White House, reported that the gap was caused by at least five separate erasures and rerecordings.

The list is too long to recapitulate; it is like a train of cars—one adverse circumstance follows another. Early this month came the long-awaited grand jury indictments of former top White House aides and the sealed briefcase handed mysteriously over to Judge Sirica, purportedly dealing with Mr. Nixon's own role in the cover-up. The judge will pass it along to the House Judiciary Committee. But will the public ever be allowed to see it?

Like a rerun, Mr. Nixon has now started out on another frenetic series of appearances and speeches. It isn't called Operation Candor this time. But the cycle seems to be coming to another of its climaxes with a new tough emphasis on foreign affairs. Americans rub their eyes. They discover that there is an adversary relationship in a new quarter, Europe, or at least the Nine—the Common Market countries.

"Now the Europeans cannot have it both ways," Mr. Nixon sternly told his audience of businessmen last week in Chicago. "They cannot have the US participation and cooperation on the security front, and then proceed to have confrontation and even hostility on the economic and political fronts..."

What's this "confrontation" and "hostility"? Mr. Nixon moderated this a bit in his otherwise largely repetitious question-and-answer session at Houston. A reporter tries to guard himself against his own skepticism. But the point has been reached where practically nobody here any more takes anything on trust and it is terribly hard to

run a democracy without trust. In foreign affairs there is a double anxiety; first, that the supposed crises may not be real; and second, that if they are real, the confidence factor is so low that no one will believe they are.

Mr. Nixon does not help this by his rhetoric, but he is a man fighting for his political life and he does not have time for niceties of taste and style. In Nashville at the opening of Grand Ole Opry's new home last week Mr. Nixon was folksy: "Country music radiates a love of this nation—patriotism," he said. Well, who is going to attack patriotism—or country music for that matter? The crowd applauded.

There is some evidence that Mr. Nixon is now directing attention to a one-third-plus-one conservative minority in the Senate. If the House impeaches him, which becomes less improbable every week, the actual trial goes to the Senate. One-third plus one can let him off, just as it did Andrew Johnson 106 years ago, when the vote was 35 to 19.

There are these differences between then and now. In the Johnson impeachment only the executive and legislature clashed; today the judiciary, too, is involved. Andrew Johnson had only a short time to serve anyway, impeached or not, but Mr. Nixon has almost three years. In 1868 the man who would have got the presidency, Sen. Ben Wade, president *pro tem*, was not particularly popular, unlike Jerry Ford, who is well liked. ("Bluff" Ben Wade sat in the Senate and voted for impeachment, that is, for himself.)

But the big difference, I think, is in the national mood. There was a blood-lust after the Civil War; it was a lynching mob against Johnson who offered leniency to the prostrate South. Today, so far, there is surprising calm. Wonder, maybe, but not hysteria. The Senate confirmed Jerry Ford, 92 to 3. The House voted broad subpoena powers to Rodino, 400 to 4. Hardly partisan, whatever Nixon zealots may say. And when White House counsel St. Clair makes snide attacks on the Rodino committee, Republican leaders warmly reply. Chairman Rodino deserves great credit for this. His approach is low-keyed. He is brand new as chairman. One of the quiet dramas of Washington is the way he has gained the confidence of suspicious committee Republicans. He is a modest Newark congressman, who might have been picked out of a hat, and he is rising to the great occasion.

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Contents

- i-8 Comment
 - Kissinger on Balance, Televised Impeachment, Our Arab Masters
- 8 The Nixon Watch: Having Fun—*John Osborne*
- 11 The Balance of Arms: Sweating Out SALT II—*Herbert Scoville, Jr.*
- 13 Shut Up, Soldier: The Watch on the Rhine—*Andrew Hamilton*
- 16 Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
- 17 The Self-Realization of Robert Frost, 1911-1912—*Peter Davison*
- 21 "The Death of the Hired Man"—*Robert Frost*
- 22 Books—Reviews by *Melville J. Ulmer, Andrew M. Greeley, John Deedy, J. D. O'Hara, Jonathan Yardley, John Alfred Avant, Charles Shapiro, Kenneth Everett*
- 31 Fine Print—*Doris Grumbach*
- 32 Poem—*Michele Murray*
- 32 Correspondence

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Kissinger On Balance

Some other presidential emissary might have negotiated the extrication of our troops from Indochina, opened talks and diplomatic offices with the Chinese, kept lines of communication open with both Moscow and Peking, made himself welcome in Tel Aviv and in Cairo, managed a partial cease-fire in the Middle East, edged major Arab producers toward a moratorium on the oil embargo, meanwhile convincing more militant anti-Communist Republicans to lower their voices and simultaneously placating the Democrats on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—but it is Henry Kissinger who has done it. And no rebuke comes from Barry Goldwater. That is a measure of the distance we've traveled, for Sen. Goldwater and Sen. Kuchel of California had this interchange on September 23, 1963:

Kuchel: Let me ask my friend from Arizona whether he favors severance of diplomatic relations by the United States with the Soviet Union.

Goldwater: Yes; I have expressed myself on that point since 1934.

The distance is considerable, yet détente is still a fragile construction; it cannot be leaned upon too heavily, too soon. Its foundations, so recently laid after 25 years of Cold War, cannot be made to support the whole weight of American interests. It has enemies here as well as in Russia and China. Yet those who would undermine it—and Kissinger—should ask themselves whether détente isn't preferable to the days of Berlin blockades, missile crises and bomb shelters.

A modern Secretary of State is never home safe. When Kissinger turns from Great Power bargaining to the Arab-Israeli conflict, he is again on precarious ground. Pressing the Arabs and the Israelis toward a more accommodating view of each other takes more than travel and muscle; it takes the skill of a brain surgeon, who probes and cuts but avoids the nerves. Europe is another sensitive area. As the exasperated outbursts of recent days again have shown the Atlantic Alliance is not a marriage made in heaven; it is a limited partnership requiring continual reinforcement. In brief there are innumerable obstacles over which Mr. Kissinger may trip. And when he does slip off that high wire, heretofore silent skeptics—politicians, a scattering of intellectuals, Pentagon brass (who pilfered Kissinger documents)—will be below ready to pull away the net. The unan-

nounced presidential candidacies of Senator Henry Jackson and Governor George Wallace are an early warning of the possible emergence of an anti-Kissinger coalition. It might spare the man personally but not his policies, for the impulse behind this latent opposition is nostalgia for the familiar belligerence of the Cold War. The two men named are of course quite dissimilar. Sen. Jackson has a well-thought-out, hard-line position; Gov. Wallace is a populist whose opinions are drawn from the crowd. Yet unlike as they are, they portend the same peril. It is that slowing down or stopping the search for accommodation with the Soviet Union will be made a campaign issue, and that the negotiations of the Secretary of State will be portrayed as softness or surrender. If one wants an equivalent though contrasting misjudgment, he need only recall the Americans in the '30s who looked at Russian Communists and thought they saw revolutionary heroes.

It is not hard to imagine how an anti-détente campaign would work. Exploiting resentment over the spiraling cost of food, for example, a demagogue could blame it all on the admittedly bungled wheat sales to Russia, which cut deeply into our surplus and elevated grain prices. It is already being said that the fuel shortage was less the product of our own wastefulness and shortsightedness than of Soviet-Arab collusion to cut supplies. The public is also being peppered with allegations that we were done in by the Russians in the SALT I talks, that the Soviets are out-distancing us in military preparedness and that we must therefore hasten to build an unmistakably "superior" nuclear arsenal. The campaign for more and more sophisticated weapons will be buttressed by the reminder that more weapons mean more jobs, by strong warnings of catastrophe from the Pentagon, by the lobbying of defense contractors, and by the susceptibility of Americans to taunts that they are no longer top dog. There is always an audience for such scares and chauvinistic incitements.

Now the voters don't like a candidate who gets them into a state of nuclear jitters. They rejected Barry Goldwater in 1964 largely because he frightened them. That is the reason why an astute politician, who in his heart thinks that détente is bunk, sweetens the bitter dose with spoonfuls of uplift. Anyone who wants to succeed in staging a Cold War revival must appeal to our moral concerns. So it must be said, for instance, that severity toward Russia is dictated by sympathy for Israel. There was an illustration of that conjunction not long ago, when the House of Representatives repudiated Kissinger by denying lower tariffs or export credits to the Soviet Union. In so doing, the House was interested in showing the voters it was true blue, not in giving the President what he so often asks for, a "bargaining chip" to play in negotiations. The representatives, and 75 senators who hastily agreed with them, were mindful of domestic, not in-

ternational relations. Had it been otherwise, the House could have stated its disapproval of Soviet immigration policies, without tying the hands of the executive on the separate issue of commercial transactions between the superpowers.

Foreign policy in no other country in the world is as subject as it is here to so many demands from so many national, ethnic and religious groups. Group loyalties are not to be scorned. Yet it is this multiplicity of allegiances—symbolized in the '50s by the Assembly of Captive Nations—that partially explains why Congress can so rarely be relied upon for a detached, steady judgment on foreign policy. We swing back and forth from the yellow peril to the red menace, from hating Germans or Japanese to embracing them, from generosity toward the poor nations to indifference. We blanch at one tyranny and blink at another. It does not seem to matter that intermittent efforts to use American power to remake other societies have rarely been effective, that the Kremlin is no more likely to change its ways to please Congress than Congress is to abandon the Bill of Rights to further détente. The internal affairs of no great nation are up for barter at the negotiating table. So we find little that is useful in the rhetorical question posed by Alastair Buchan in his recent Reith lectures over the BBC: "Is it an American interest to solve the problems of the Soviet Union [trade deals] without demanding any *quid pro quo* in the form of liberalization of her domestic policies, her treatment of Jews or intellectuals, for instance?" The term "American interest," like "national security," has many definitions. None should exclude liberty, but none dare exclude a more stable relationship between the great powers.

How rigorously, one wonders, would Mr. Buchan apply his *quid pro quo* rule? If the United States were to grant favored trade status only to governments that do not repress their citizens, there would be few favored nations. Kissinger doubtless has dropped words of advice or caution at his meetings with the Russians—and perhaps to some good effect, but basically he is dealing with the Soviet Union as it is, not as he or we would prefer it: "The necessity in détente as we conceive it does not reflect approbation of Soviet domestic structure"; it reflects "the unacceptability of general nuclear war." That statement is not a betrayal of personal values; it bespeaks a practical distinction between official relations and private attitudes, a distinction that always has to contend with a popular belief in the universal applicability of the American Way.

We have not forgotten that Henry Kissinger's boss has inflated the accomplishments of détente ("a generation of peace") to keep his political stock from hitting bottom. Nor that Kissinger was Nelson Rockefeller's foreign policy adviser when Rockefeller was echoing LBJ's obscenities about the nobility of our war in Vietnam. Nor that Kissinger's performance in

the Nixon administration has been flawed by the countenancing of wiretapping, by a tendency to take too much onto himself, by neglect of the bureaucracy he heads, by indifference to smaller countries, by fits of absentmindedness when it comes to consulting the West Europeans and the Japanese and even fits of temper and a feckless belaboring of America's chief allies. Nevertheless his contribution has been valuable, and it would be unfortunate if the probable collapse of the Nixon presidency were to carry down with it Kissinger's pursuit of a more stable balance of power, and if the ascendancy of Gerald Ford were to cause the decline of Kissinger's influence.

Mr. Buchan says that "we may have to wait until 1976 to know what kind of policy can provide the American people with a new center of gravity," presumably different than the one Mr. Kissinger represents. Will that New Majority unite the jingoists, the knee-jerk anti-Communists, the global salvationists and the weapons manufacturers? If they are the constituent elements of the "new center of gravity," we can go back to digging the bomb shelters and to abiding repeated confrontation, more brinkmanship, rising tensions and even higher military budgets.

Televised Impeachment?

The House and the Senate prohibit live television or radio coverage of their floor proceedings but a resolution on impeachment, if approved by the House Judiciary Committee, could change that. A suggestion that House rules be modified to permit televising an impeachment session is being circulated among the members. By a vote of a simple majority, television cameras and microphones could be set up and the public given the opportunity to see and hear the most dramatic House debate in almost 100 years. The House Democratic leadership—particularly Speaker Albert and Majority Leader O'Neill—are described as not having yet focused on the suggestion. Even under the special situation created by impeachment, objections are sure to be raised.

It will be argued that television and decorum are antithetical, that TV would destroy the quasi-judicial character of the House deliberations. Some members may be tempted by the cameras to make demagogic speeches that they would not have made if they were playing only to their colleagues and the print media. There is some fear that members would be deluged by phone calls, telegrams and letters reflecting the ebb and flow of debate, and that fluctuating pressures from public opinion would make it harder for members to make up their own minds. Sen. James Buckley exaggerates, however, when he says the Senate chamber "would become a 20th-century Roman Coliseum

as the performers are thrown to the electronic lions." The White House tapes, for example, could be played in closed session and a transcript released, edited so the public would not hear vulgarities or obscenities. Finally there are those who worry that because House procedures are complicated and confusing, the people would not understand, and that as a result, their opinion of Congress would drift even lower than it is.

Some of these fears are justified, but important considerations weigh heavily on the side of bringing in the cameras. A primary one is that impeachment is the people's business—if they cannot be in the gallery to view the debates, live television offers the next best choice. If cameras are barred, how will the public be informed? Almost two-thirds get their news from television. The nightly network news shows play to a combined audience of 50 million or more. Without their cameras on the floor, these shows will have to resort to artists, drawing scenes from memory for the visual part of the coverage. Their top newsmen certainly will be in the galleries making notes. But reporters' summaries of what happened cannot replace the actual voice and picture. And the newsmen's emphasis is always subject to challenge by one side of the debate or the other. Since balance has become a watchword of television news, chances are an equal number of spokesmen—for and against impeachment—would be interviewed outside the chamber for each show, irrespective of what is happening on the floor. Finally there is the question of time. Network shows are 30 minutes long. They can only highlight the debate. Even late-night, hour-long specials—which the networks would probably undertake—could only provide summaries and boring ones at that if TV news directors had no film or tape of the actual event.

Newspapers could print transcripts of the debate, but few publications would do so and the people who have the time and take the trouble to read the full discussion would be minuscule compared to those who would watch live television.

If the House votes a bill of impeachment, the Senate is expected to allow live coverage of the subsequent trial. Senate Majority Whip Robert Byrd has said he favors it. Majority Leader Mansfield is far from a venturer in such matters—he had opposed bringing microphones and a loud speaker system to the Senate floor, but even Mansfield has said he is ready to let the cameras in for impeachment. Television coverage may distort the story as it did to some degree during the Senate Watergate hearings. But the live Ervin committee sessions did convince the American people as nothing else could, that something was wrong somewhere. The President has taken the offensive, using nationally televised appearances to proclaim his innocence and attack the impeachment process now underway. Those same airways that carry his defense to the people should bring them in full the impeachment floor debate if it takes place.

Our Arab Masters

The day the Arabs announced that the embargo was over, prices on the New York stock market dropped an average 13.6 points, a healthy, cynical response. Only seven of the nine Arab oil countries agreed to call it off, and one of these, Algeria, did so with strong reservations. The two holdouts, Libya and Syria, don't control a great deal of oil but they prevent the more conservative Saudis and Kuwaitis from rushing to resupply the West. The second disappointment last week was that no new production levels were announced. The Machiavelli of the embargo, Saudi Arabia's finance and petroleum minister Sheikh Ahmed Zakir el-Yamani, told the press that each country would decide on its own. Saudi Arabia, he said, would increase oil production by about one million barrels a day, almost to the level of last September before the cutoff. He expected others to do the same. The Federal Energy Office estimates that a shortage of about five percent will continue—roughly a third of today's shortage but enough to keep prices extravagantly high.

Because of the shipping time across the Atlantic, most of the new oil won't reach the American coast for six or seven weeks, which leads to a third catch. The Arab oil ministers decided to meet again in Cairo on June 1 to review the American performance during the spring semester, and if they find it inadequate, to give Kissinger failing marks and suspend oil shipments. Specifically, they want more negotiation on the boundary between Israel and Syria, whose armies shell one another across the Golan Heights. In the diplomatic phrasing of the communiqué, the Arabs ask the United States and others to move toward "a position which is more compatible with the principle of what is right and just toward the Arab-occupied territories and the legitimate rights of the Palestinian people." It is not by accident that the oil ministers chose to meet on June 1: that is when we will just begin to feel the benefit of the new shipments.

The Arabs have made their point. For the rest of the decade they will dominate not only the world supply of crude oil, but its price. The US could isolate itself from their demands if it were willing to adopt a strict conservation program and spend huge sums on exploration, storage tanks, pipelines, refineries and synthetic fuel plants. The administration has decided not to choose between self-sufficiency and Arab oil, hoping to placate the Arabs while promoting elaborate energy schemes at home. With great optimism, the President believes his "Project Independence" can cut us free of Arab oil by 1980. Meanwhile, billions of dollars are being transferred from consumers to the oil multinationals, and from the multinationals to the oil exporting nations for a reason that has nothing to do with production cost. The game's called monopoly. A later report will examine how this new oil money will be used.

The Nixon Watch Having Fun

It was good to see the President having fun in Nashville on March 16. Watching him at the airport, greeting Mrs. Nixon when she returned on her 62nd birthday from ceremonial visits to Venezuela and Brazil, and then at the new Grand Ole Opry House, lapping up the plaudits of performers who perpetrate and people who enjoy the many variations of the rhythmic rural whine known as country music, I was overwhelmed with a wish that the occasion could really be as happy for the President as he and his hosts tried to make it seem to be.

Of course it wasn't and couldn't be all that happy. Tennessee's Republican Gov. Winfield Dunn knew better than to settle for simply telling the airport crowd that it was about to welcome "our great and our beloved President." He was constrained to continue: "I know you will want to show our President every courtesy. But most especially let me ask you, my fellow Tennesseans, for your thoughtful courtesy to his lovely wife—remembering that this is her birthday, remembering that she is the beautiful and charming first lady of America, and keeping this in mind when we welcome her as considerately and courteously as we possibly can." Thanks to the preparatory care exercised by the governor's state policemen and by local party loyalists, the crowd in the hangar where the initial ceremonies occurred was friendly and abundantly equipped with pro-Nixon signs. It cheered a country music singer and author, Fred Boyd, when he chanted in the nasal manner of his ilk: "Stand up and cheer for Richard Nixon/For he's the President of our great land./I've been hearing talk about impeaching/The man we chose to lead us through these times./But talk like this could weaken and defeat us./Let's show the world we're not the quitting kind." Hundreds of sheets with the words of this ballad, sung to the tune of "Okie from Muskogee," were distributed in the hangar. The sentiments of a smaller but sizable crowd just outside the hangar and near the podium were expressed by such signs as "OPRY YES, NIXON NO" and "THROW THE BUM OUT."

Mrs. Nixon was received with admiring yells and screams and no audible rudeness when her husband escorted her from the presidential jet that had brought her from Brazil. She seemed to be happy and poised, and she was obviously clued in to the preferred theme of the day, when she told the crowd that the statesmen whom she met on her trip "wanted me to convey the message that they support us in our quest for peace." A few hours earlier she was anything but happy and poised. Reporters who accompanied her to the inaugurations of new Presidents in Venezuela and Brazil said that she grew angry when, on her plane near the end

of the trip, she was asked how she had stood the strains of the past year. Her voice was said to be shaking with pain and rage when she answered, "No, I really don't wish to speak of it. It's just a personal thing, and why bring that into the trip?" Although shouts of "Impeach Nixon" and worse troubled the President as they always do, he didn't flinch and he didn't scowl as darkly as he usually does. He appeared to be enjoying himself, at the top of his form, and taking conscious pleasure in the skill with which he linked his wife's trip to Latin America with his trips in 1972 to Communist China and the Soviet Union, his labors for "a generation of peace," and the implication that it was his duty and his hearers' duty to "see to it that America is not only strong militarily but that we will be the world leader, which it is our destiny to be, because without our leadership there cannot be peace." After that he didn't need to say that without three more years of RN there cannot be peace.

At the new Opry House, a \$15 million testament in red brick to the fact that country music is both a national habit and a thriving industry, the President's audience included Govs. George Wallace of Alabama and William Waller of Mississippi, Tennessee's Republican senators and congressmen, and some 4500 citizens who were prepared to be nice to anybody who professed to share their liking for their favorite art form. Mr. Nixon not only professed to like it; he equated it with "faith in God . . . love of this nation, patriotism, . . . those combinations which are so essential to America's character." At this point, so help me, the President managed once more to drag in his peace-and-strength-with-Nixon theme. This he did by saying that country music expresses the best in American character "at a time that America needs character because today—one serious note—let me tell you, the peace of the world for generations, maybe centuries to come, will depend not just on America's military might, which is the greatest in the world, or our wealth, which is the greatest in the world, but it is going to depend on our character, our belief in ourselves, our love of our country, our willingness not only to wear the flag but to stand up for the flag, and country music does that."

Mr. Nixon's principal greeter and adorer on the stage was Roy Acuff, a veteran practitioner of the art who has been a guest and performer at the White House. Reporters who follow the President will never forget Acuff at a 1972 campaign rally in North Carolina, bellowing over and over in his raspy drawl: "FOH MOH YEHS! FOH MOH YEHS!" He didn't call for three moh yehs in Nashville, but at the end of the Acuff-Nixon performance he did lead a gaggle of country singers in a plea to "stay around a little longer." He twice called the President to the piano, once to play "My Wild Irish Rose" and the second time to play and sing "God Bless America." It's one of Mr. Nixon's

favorite acts—he'd done it three nights before at the White House, after a dinner for the nation's governors. This time, though, he put on the act with more verve and less pretense at embarrassment and reluctance than he usually displays. His arms flailed at the piano with great abandon and he looked as if he were having a really splendid time. Presented with a copy of the yellow yo-yo that Acuff flips and twirls when he sings, the President made a show of his awkward attempts to master it and elicited a burst of laughter from the enthralled audience when he said to Acuff, "I'll stay here and try to work this yo-yo. You go back and try to be President." When he moved about the stage, from his chair to the piano and the microphones, Mr. Nixon walked with the odd, mincing prance that he frequently affects in moments of exuberance. There have been times and occasions, such as his appearance at a veterans' convention in New Orleans last August, when the sight has inspired reporters in his party to make some extremely unkind cracks. This time it didn't. The reporters took it to be one more sign that Mr. Nixon really was having fun.

The Nashville visit was one of a series of public performances that the President and his staff advisers expect to help him mightily in his struggle for survival. It followed press conferences on February 25 and March 6 and fell between question-answer sessions at the Executives Club in Chicago and the 1974 convention of the National Association of Broadcasters in Houston. He challenged Congress to "get off its duff" and enact the legislation that he thinks he needs to deal with fuel and other energy problems. He warned the European members of NATO and the Common Market that they can't indefinitely enjoy US military and nuclear protection and at the same time indulge in "basic hostility" toward the US in political and economic matters. He warned the governments of Arab oil countries that they can't bludgeon the US into friendship for them and hostility toward Israel with their oil embargo and rocketing oil prices. This and more of the same comprised, quite obviously, a studied endeavor to show the nation a bold, vigorous and confident President who was not and never would be intimidated by Watergate troubles and pressures. Much of it, particularly the harsh warning to Western Europe, struck many people as a contrived and dangerous departure from prudence and a crass appeal for conservative support against the critics in Congress and elsewhere, including a growing number of Republicans, who would impeach him if they couldn't drive him to resignation. But the notion that it was all contrived, faked and worse than useless was mistaken. French Foreign Minister Michel Jobert, hitherto the most hostile and obstreperous among European opponents of American policy, responded with unaccustomed mildness to the President's strictures. A frequent domestic critic, *The Washington Post*, said editorially that Mr. Nixon's stance toward Europe was

"right on the merits." The chief Arab oil producers lifted their embargo, though with a warning that it will be restored this summer if the US shows what the Arabs consider to be undue favoritism for Israel. On balance the President's attempt at a display of tough realism seemed to have done the country no harm and may have done it and him some good.

So much could not be said for Mr. Nixon's show of toughness in dealing with his Watergate problems. It was acknowledged at the White House, quietly and with manifest reluctance, that the President in person directed and to some extent orchestrated the aggressive defense that he and his spokesmen undertook with ever-mounting vigor and acerbity. His communications director, Ken W. Clawson, accused the House Judiciary Committee's chief attorney, John Doar, of trying to "hoodwink" the committee and deceive the public with a false and understated account of the volume of evidence the committee was demanding from the White House. The President's chief Watergate defender, James St. Clair, broke out of his hitherto total isolation from the media and "went public" with a series of newspaper and television interviews. His themes were that his client was the presidency rather than this particular President; that the Judiciary Committee already had or was getting from the White House all the tapes and documentary evidence it needed to conclude its impeachment inquiry quickly and fairly; and that, in any case, the committee had no right to demand and get more evidence until it evaluated what it already had and, beyond all else, defined what it would and wouldn't hold to be impeachable offenses. Clawson and staff counsellor Bryce Harlow, normally a cautious and soft-spoken fellow, denounced Rep. Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee and vice chairman of the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation, for saying, in terms that implied a suspicion of fraudulent conduct, that the joint committee report on the President's tax behavior would complete his disgrace and force him to quit.

Doar had indeed and substantially understated the committee staff's demands for White House evidence. Mills said in a tone of apology that he hadn't meant to suggest that the President was guilty of tax fraud, though others in his service might be. But the main effect of the Nixon tactics was to stiffen Wilbur Mills in his attitude of scorn and distrust and to highlight his opinion that the President had been foolishly and fatally shoddy in his tax practices. The effort to divide Judiciary Committee Republicans from committee Democrats, committee moderates from committee radicals, and the committee as a whole from its Democratic and Republican staff attorneys, proved to be a miserable failure. John Doar, Republican attorney Edward Jenner, Democratic chairman Peter Rodino and the senior Republican member, Edward Hutchin-

son of Michigan, concluded in unison that the President had been trying to trap them into the premature issuance of a subpoena for additional White House evidence. Had such a tactic succeeded, it could have had the effect of drawing the impeachment issue on grounds of procedure and executive confidentiality rather than upon the more critical and, for Mr. Nixon, dangerous grounds of presidential behavior.

There were increasing indications that the President knew about and may have authorized payments of Republican campaign money to the original Watergate conspirators and burglars in order to keep them from revealing higher level involvement. Mr. Nixon said in a statement last August 15 that his fired, indicted and convicted White House lawyer, John Dean, didn't tell him on March 21, 1973 that payments for silence had been made. The President said at his press conference last March 6 that Dean did tell him that hush money had been paid. The heated discussion of this clear contradiction overlooked Mr. Nixon's statement at a press conference in California last August 22, seven days after he had said he hadn't been told of payments for silence, that "Basically, what Mr. Dean was concerned about on March 21 was not so much the raising of money for the defendants [*sic*] but the raising of money for the defendants for the purpose of keeping them still. In other words, so-called hush money." Although the President in this statement stopped short of saying that he'd been told of hush payments, he acknowledged in it that he was told that this was the intended purpose. The Watergate indictment returned on March 1 charged that a payment of \$75,000 in hush money followed the March 21, 1973 conference within hours. The grand jury that returned the indictment asked federal Judge John Sirica to give the House Judiciary Committee the evidence on which it was based and a report summarizing some of that evidence. Judge Sirica, announcing on March 18 his decision to give the evidence and report to the House committee, identified "the person on whom the report focuses" as "the President of the United States." The judge said that the report "draws no accusatory conclusions," thereby seeming to confirm published suggestions that it lists and summarizes but does not evaluate evidence that involves the President. In obvious though unstated awareness of authoritative rumors that Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski would have asked the grand jury to indict the President if he had believed, which he didn't, that an incumbent President is subject to criminal indictment, Judge Sirica said that the report "is not a substitute for indictments where indictments might properly issue." That observation deserves a lot of pondering. It suggests that Mr. Nixon won't be having fun much longer.

John Osborne

MR. OSBORNE last week won the George Polk Memorial Award for outstanding magazine reporting.

Sweating Out SALT II

The Balance of Arms

by Herbert Scoville, Jr.

The strongest impetus to the nuclear arms race is the fear that fixed, land-based intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) will someday become vulnerable to a first strike, thus upsetting the present stable strategic balance. Once the Russians have multiple warheads on their missiles that can be aimed at separate targets (MIRVs), particularly on their very large ICBMs, defense planners will inevitably conclude that our Minuteman missiles are open to attack, and off we'll go. Though Secretary of Defense Schlesinger admits that the pace of the Soviet strategic weapons program "has been slower than we might have anticipated," steps are now being taken nevertheless to counter an anticipated Soviet MIRV threat in the 1980s. This works both ways. The Russians must think that our amassing of MIRVs—nearly 6000 today, more than 7000 by 1976—puts their land-based ICBM force of 1600 missiles in real jeopardy. And Soviet anxiety will of course be heightened if we proceed, as Schlesinger plans, to improve the accuracy and explosive power (yield) of our missiles. When and if both nations have ICBMs that are thought capable of knocking out their opposite numbers, we shall all be in a very precarious situation; the advantages of striking first and the danger of preemptive attacks in time of crisis will then loom large.

What's to be done? There are two ways the Russians and we can try to prevent this dangerous upsetting of the arms balance. First, the two countries could agree to phase out gradually their vulnerable ICBM systems. Second, they could limit "modernization." Modernization here means adding MIRVed warheads to missiles, particularly warheads with the accuracy and yield combination that would enable them to knock out the other side's large missile silos.

There are other alternatives, all bad. For instance, both sides could at great expense add to or replace existing missiles with mobile ones, or further harden existing silos. Or they could abrogate the ABM treaty and start building missile defenses. Each of these is chasing our tail and is a scenario for a frantic and ultimately futile if not suicidal arms build-up on both sides. Another dangerous alternative would be to place ICBMs on hair trigger alert, so that they could be fired

rapidly on warning that an attack had been launched against them. While cheap and relatively easily implemented, this alternative would significantly increase the chance of accidental nuclear catastrophe.

The Nixon administration seems to have had trouble reaching an agreed position on these matters for the SALT negotiations which reconvened February 19. The Pentagon has always been reluctant to place controls on MIRVs and for one simple reason: we have a lot of sophisticated ones and the Russians don't have any. During SALT I talks, the White House vetoed any realistic proposal to limit MIRVs. Now, recognizing the threat from Russian MIRVs, the resistance is weakening, and Mr. Nixon is talking of qualitative controls. However Henry Kissinger's preoccupation with so many critical problems in so many parts of the world may have held up any Pentagon consent to a constructive position on MIRVs. Last weekend Mr. Kissinger was off to Moscow to lay the groundwork for a possible SALT II agreement at a June summit. He is reportedly still interested in securing some controls on MIRVs.

In contrast Secretary Schlesinger made plain last January that he wants weapons that can hit military targets, *i.e.*, Soviet missile silos. Although he later softened this stand, perhaps under pressure from Kissinger, his proposed budget does include a number of new projects for improving missile accuracy and yield, all of them destabilizing. Schlesinger has said that we "must not contribute to any failures of deterrence by making the strategic forces a tempting target for attack"; yet his proposed improvements only add to the attractiveness of ICBMs as targets and to the other side's incentive to strike first. Much is said of the gains that can be made in accuracy through advanced technology—lasers or TV for guiding "smart" bombs to their destination. An objective of all such refinements is to make the use of nuclear weapons more acceptable by minimizing unintended, collateral damage. But a safe nuclear war is a mirage. Reducing the aiming error from a quarter to an eighth of a mile is inconsequential when the weapons involved will kill at distances of several miles. Furthermore Schlesinger has undermined his own objective by seeking ever higher yields for his nuclear warheads, which are already three to 10 times as powerful as the bomb that destroyed Hiroshima and killed 100,000 people. "Smart" bombs may

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have some value with conventional explosives, but we are kidding ourselves if we think they will make nuclear weapons tolerable.

Restrictions on modernization could be useful, either in conjunction with reductions or by themselves. For instance the testing and deployment of the most dangerous MIRV systems might be limited. As of now the Soviet Union has not begun testing a MIRVed missile that can fit into its 288 large SS-9 silos. If such a ban could be negotiated *before* the Russians have completed their tests, then the vulnerability of our Minuteman missile would be materially lessened. While lighter Russian ICBMs cannot be completely discounted, they will not present a serious threat to our Minuteman force as a whole for years to come. Even by Schlesinger's most pessimistic estimates of the payload and capabilities of the new light Russian missiles, each Russian warhead would have only little better than a 50-50 chance of destroying an older, hardened US silo, and we now are building more blast-resistant silos to house some of our Minutemen.

In return for forgoing development of MIRVs for heavy missiles, the Russians would probably want to prevent our Minutemen from endangering their ICBMs. This could be done by freezing the MIRVing of our Minutemen at present levels, *i.e.*, approximately 400 missiles, each having three MIRVs. Even with significantly improved accuracy this would not be a sufficiently large force to threaten the Russians' 1600 or so ICBMs. Some additional restrictions might have to be placed, however, on further refinements in accuracy, perhaps by controlling tests on terminal guidance systems of the kind now included in the US maneuverable reentry vehicle program. Major US technical advances in guidance could arouse Russian fears that the 7000 US Minuteman and Poseidon warheads could together endanger their large missiles.

Controlling MIRVs directly is technically feasible and verifiable by national technical means, but may be very tricky to negotiate in light of the asymmetries between the US and Soviet missile programs. We have to try some less direct approach. At the June 1973 summit Nixon and Brezhnev agreed that alternatively we should seek to exploit the Nixon-Brezhnev agreement (Principle #5 at the June 1973 summit) that modernization and replacement of weapons would be permitted *under conditions formulated in the final agreement*. Although replacements cannot be banned completely since missile components deteriorate with age, we could seek stringent limitations on the replacement of existing missiles by *new* types. Perhaps no more than five percent replacement by new models should be allowed in any given year. This would greatly slow down the deployment of the more dangerous new MIRV systems and yet keep the deterrent force from becoming obsolete. If only a small number of missiles

could be replaced in any given year, the incentives for proceeding with radically new developments would be reduced.

Another approach would be a quota on the total number of missile tests allowed each country per year. This would slow down the testing program and, if the quota were kept sufficiently low, might delay for many years the achievement of MIRV systems sufficiently accurate and reliable to threaten land-based ICBMs. It would not stop these dangerous programs, however, and might lead both countries to cut corners and take optimum advantage of the few tests that were allowed. Past experience has shown that restraint is never the order of the day following such agreements. For example in the aftermath of the Limited Test Ban Treaty, the Joint Chiefs and the US Senate forced President Kennedy to agree to underground tests that would maximize US nuclear weapons developments.

Is it perhaps still possible to negotiate reductions in land-based ICBMs? I think it is. More than 20 senators, led by Mathias and Kennedy, have introduced a resolution that "any inequalities that may now exist in the respective nuclear weapons systems should be eliminated through mutually agreed reductions of existing nuclear weapons systems." And last November Sen. Jackson proposed that both sides reduce their strategic delivery vehicles to equivalent levels of 1760 or less — which is 82 percent (US) and 75 percent (USSR) of present stockpiles. Jackson would allow a lead in one type of weapon (such as ICBMs) to be balanced by the other side's lead in another (such as bombers). More recently, the Federation of American Scientists has suggested that the SALT negotiators seek a complete phase-out of land-based ICBMs, starting with a reduction by one-third within the first five years, an approach that was endorsed in a *Washington Post* interview by Arms Control and Disarmament Agency Director Fred Ikle, with a hint that the concept had the tacit support of the Secretary of State (subsequently denied). Secretary Schlesinger himself has spoken favorably of the general idea of reductions, but he specifically opposes the complete elimination of ICBMs; he wants to keep some weapons that are highly reliable (such as submarine missiles), some highly accurate (such as land-based missiles) and some highly controllable from launch to target (such as bombers). Nevertheless the interest in reductions from such diverse sources is a hint that they may be an important element in the new US negotiating position for SALT II.

Any and every kind of weapons reduction is not necessarily stabilizing. For example any cutback on ICBMs would have to be sharp and carried out on some reasonably well defined schedule. Small reductions would only increase the vulnerability of what is left, for obviously it is easier to destroy 500 missiles in a surprise attack than 1000. Moreover some ICBMs are more provocative and dangerous than others. Since those with single warheads and relatively light pay-

loads do not pose a threat to the other side's missile force, any phase-out should start with the heavy missiles, such as the Soviet SS-9, and with those having the most sophisticated MIRV capability, such as our Minuteman III. It will be tough to negotiate reduction in these types of missiles, but we ought not to settle for limited cutbacks in the older, less provocative ICBMs. If we did that, the agreement would be a

sham, whatever political kudos might be attached to it.

SALT II offers a number of possibilities for stabilizing the strategic balance, but if we fritter them away and zoom ahead without restraint on new weapons that increase the threat to land-based missiles, the stability of the equilibrium could be upset. If that happens the people of both nations will be condemned to an endless, expensive and perilous arms race.

The Watch on the Rhine Shut Up, Soldier

by Andrew Hamilton

*Thou hast committed—
Fornication, but that was in another country
And besides, the wench is dead—Marlowe*

After the great army political surveillance scandals of 1970-71, the administration assured the public that military intelligence would be brought under control. The Pentagon issued strict regulations against spying on civilians, thereby staving off some stricter supervision by Congress and the courts. But there was a catch. The controls did not apply overseas.

Three months before the 1972 presidential elections army authorities ordered intelligence agents to infiltrate a branch of the US Democratic party in Berlin, founded by American civilians in Berlin who were then seeking absentee ballots for the Democratic presidential candidate, George McGovern. The agents were instructed to:

- ▶ secretly photograph and acquire the names of the organization's members for intelligence files;
- ▶ report on activities and political attitudes of the organization, known both as Concerned Americans in Berlin and the Berlin Democratic Club;
- ▶ obtain copies of its correspondence;
- ▶ ferret out imagined links between the Democratic Club and "leftist" American groups such as SDS and the Progressive Labor Party as well as links to the East German and other foreign Communist parties.

Throughout the spy operation, which lasted for at

least a year, agents found not the slightest hint of subversive activity. They nonetheless collected reams of data on the personal lives and politics of the organization's members. Nothing was too banal or too private for the army's files. Agents reported when one woman's baby was due and how she felt about teaching. When another member received an autographed picture of Sen. McGovern, this was duly recorded. When Concerned Americans sent House Speaker Carl Albert a petition in June 1973 signed by 330 US citizens living in Berlin and calling on Congress to begin impeachment proceedings against President Nixon, army agents photographed the petition, and the photograph was delivered to an undercover army "countersubversive" intelligence unit. The names of the petitioners then 'allegedly' were recorded in the army's files on "dissident persons."

Documentary evidence of this and other surveillance of Americans in Berlin was collected last summer by Sen. Lowell Weicker (R, Conn.) and on the advice of Sen. Sam Ervin (D, NC) the material was turned over to the Senate Armed Services Committee for investigation. At the same time Craig Whitney of *The New York Times* and John Sheahan of CBS reported other incidents of army spying on Americans and others in Germany. Evidence of the army intelligence campaign in Germany is said to have shocked even Sen. Strom Thurmond, a staunch ally of the defense establishment. What troubled Thurmond most was a letter intercepted by army agents. The letter, a routine request for information on a Berlin publication, was from the reference librarian of the College of Charleston, an old,

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highly proper and very conservative institution in Thurmond's home town. Almost nothing happened. The Armed Services Committee staff addressed a routine inquiry to the Pentagon. The army explained that the spying was not political in nature, and in any event it was legal under German law. This opinion was apparently accepted at face value by the Armed Services Committee, which dropped the whole issue. Sen. Ervin then tried to recover the Weicker documents for his constitutional rights subcommittee. As of this writing Ervin's November 1973 letter to chairman Stennis of the Armed Services Committee remains unanswered. The documents supplied to Stennis by Sen. Weicker remain locked in a safe.

New interest in army surveillance and much new evidence has come from a suit filed last month in federal courts by the American Civil Liberties Union, which seeks an order banning future army political surveillance in Germany. According to John Shattuck, an ACLU attorney, the snooping far exceeds anything previously known about army spying on US citizens. The ACLU charges that the army, beginning as early as 1968 and continuing into last summer, engaged in the following illegal practices, with or without the cooperation of West German authorities: wiretapping; interception and opening of first class US mail; interference in the 1972 presidential election and subsequent legitimate political activities; and repeated interception of privileged communications between American lawyers, consultants and their clients regarding matters before army courts. The army is also charged with maintaining files on the professional activities and political opinions of US citizens, including lawyers, journalists, political organizers and clergymen. Blacklists were allegedly compiled by the army. Two of the plaintiffs in the suit charge that they were fired from their government-paid jobs with the US exhibit at a German industrial fair in Berlin, for what they were later told were "political reasons." Both had belonged to the Berlin Democratic Club (Concerned Americans) and had worked for *Forward*, one of several anti-army, GI-oriented English language newspapers in Germany which the army also kept under close surveillance.

Finally, according to the suit, when the army learned that some of its wiretap logs showing surveillance of US citizens had been leaked to *The New York Times*, its agents hastily destroyed volumes of other evidence.

One target of the army was an ACLU-affiliated organization known as the Lawyers Military Defense Committee. LMDC is described by an army intelligence agent's notes on a wiretap log presented in evidence by the ACLU as offering "legal aid to servicemen who do not trust the military judicial system." LMDC's young, aggressive civilian lawyers in Germany, Vietnam and Washington have scored numerous victories over the military. One major LMDC case, in the courts

since early last year, has already forced the army's European command to curb some unconstitutional abuses which occurred in its anti-drug campaign among GIs.

Intentionally or not, the Army got at LMDC in Germany through a wiretap on a consultant and translator for the lawyers named Tomi Schwaetzer, an Austrian, and his American associate Mary Jo Van Ingen Leibowitz. (Schwaetzer, closely associated with the antiwar movement, was also a correspondent for Liberation News Service of New York.) Army wiretap logs record frequent phone conversations between Schwaetzer and LMDC attorney Howard DeNike. The ACLU will try to show that the army also intercepted calls between DeNike and one of his GI clients, but thinks the wiretap logs demonstrating this were destroyed when the story broke last summer.

Another target of spying was the Goessner Industrial Mission in Mainz, a Protestant missionary effort in Germany supported by the National Council of Churches (US), the World Council of Churches and the German Evangelische Kirche. The army may have begun spying on the Goessner mission as early as 1968, may have infiltrated it with agents, and recorded telephone conversations of two American Methodist ministers, the Rev. David McCreary and the Rev. James Stillman.

The army's name for what it was doing was "countersubversion campaign." In addition to infiltration and electronic surveillance, the campaign included mail interception and active harassment of some of the subjects. The surveillance was directed by the 66th Military Intelligence Group in Munich, whose agents in Berlin recruited low-ranking GIs, one equipped with a camera, to infiltrate the Berlin Democrats. The agency put together an instruction manual for their amateur spies, containing a chart linking the Democratic party and the Berlin Democrats to far-left organizations in the United States and to foreign Communist organizations. Thus armed, the infiltrators filed reports on plans for a Labor Day picnic and McGovern benefit concert, a voter registration and leafleting campaign, and a 1973 conference on GI rights.

At one meeting, an agent reported solemnly, the Berlin Democrats adopted the Bill of Rights as their own constitution. On a later occasion agents reported plans for a conference on "Watergate—Its Meaning and Significance." The Berlin spying was no low-level lark. Infiltrators' reports were summed up in a March 1973 classification briefing for the chief army intelligence officer in Europe, Maj. Gen. Harold R. Aaron, who has since been promoted to the army's top intelligence job in Washington.

What was the army up to? Its own documents suggest that it was trying to establish the existence of a broad conspiracy to subvert army enlisted men, linking the Methodist missionaries, the LMDC lawyers, the Berlin Democrats, underground newspapers,

foreign Communist parties and antiwar activists. But in the case of the Berlin Democrats the surveillance continued months after it was clear that the organization was legitimate in its aims and methods. And indeed the briefing for Gen. Aaron noted that "during the meeting of Feb. 24 [of Concerned Americans in Berlin], there was no particular attempt to meet the GIs or solicit their support. At one point, a sheet was passed around so that a mailing list could be started. Most of the GIs, however, refrained from signing." The army's own secret agents were of course exceptions to this GI apathy. Since they were recruited from the Berlin garrison, it is reasonable to assume that GIs soon got the message that army intelligence was keeping an eye on the Berlin Democrats, and that it was unhealthy to join them.

The army, in fact, made strenuous efforts to muzzle GIs in Germany. During the summer of 1973 the commanding general of the Eighth Division in Germany ordered his commanders to report all signs of "dissidence" to the division's intelligence units. The order (a copy is attached to the ACLU's suit) demanded full name, rank, social security number, unit and race of individuals engaging in "demonstrations, teach-ins and other activities with anti-US themes engaged in by local, national or military personnel" or "unauthorized meetings or authorized meetings with controversial topics." "Complaints to NCOs, officers, IG [Inspector General], news media or congressmen about living conditions, harassment, unfair treatment, etc." were listed as primary signs of dissidence—defined as "manifestation of a rejection of military, political or social standards." As guidance to commanders the order noted that any gathering "for any purpose which interferes with accomplishment of the command's mission or which is detrimental to the loyalty, discipline or morale of its personnel is undesirable. Commanders will prohibit gatherings whose objectives are incompatible with this command's mission if they are to be held off post, will take whatever legally permissible measures are necessary to discourage attendance by personnel of their commands."

This "counterdissidence" order was rescinded shortly after it was issued when a copy was leaked to the press by an infuriated GI. But the spirit of the order flourishes in other forms. For the past three years the army's European Command has conducted an extraordinary anti-drug campaign among GIs, the dimensions of which are exposed in court proceedings initiated by the Lawyers Military Defense Committee.

The European Command contains a quarter of the army's manpower and one-third of its combat strength. For the past 20 years combat units of Eucom have been on one-hour alert. Vietnam, racial tensions and poor living conditions combined to bring army morale in Europe to a low point and boredom and resentment among the troops to new highs. That was the atmos-

phere when, on taking charge of Eucom in 1971, Gen. Michael S. Davison ordered his officers to make a major effort to eliminate drug abuse among the troops (mostly marijuana and hashish), reduce the high barracks crime rate and restore order and discipline. In the process, according to statements in LMDC's suit last year and not challenged by the army, Gen. Davison's officers decided to make examples of known and "suspected" drug users. They were publicly stigmatized, denied permission to wear civilian clothes or decorate their quarters or lock or shut their doors or drive private automobiles or leave post or to "accept, buy or take anything from another person." GIs could be identified as suspected drug users if they associated with known drug users; associates of suspected drug users were also subject to special restrictions. If it was proved that a man used drugs, he could be reduced in rank and given a discharge coded to indicate drug use—so that he was likely to have a hard time getting a civilian job: the army's "separation program number" codes are known to most large employers.

Commanders instituted unannounced "health and welfare" searches of soldiers' personal property. Dogs were used to sniff out drugs in the barracks. Over 15,000 urine samples were collected each month for testing. Whole companies of men were assembled, forced to strip and subjected to searches of their mouths, ears and other "body orifices."

After LMDC brought its suit, the European Command stopped such things as mass strip searches. But men can still be taken off for searches of their "body orifices" in private, without warning or judicial warrant. Other "health and welfare" searches continue. Nevertheless heroin cases in the command increased sharply between 1971 and 1973. Last month US District Judge Gerhard Gesell ruled that punitive actions against soldiers based on evidence seized in such arbitrary searches were unconstitutional and must be halted. Gen. Davison, in an emotional, personal affidavit attached to the government's appeal, argued that the judge's ruling would "have a traumatic, immediate and irrevocable impact on the discipline of my command." (Gesell angrily rejected the appeal as "impertinent, offensive and scandalous;" but his order has been stayed by two judges of the Court of Appeals.)

Neither Weicker nor Ervin is ready to let the matter of the army's spying in Germany be buried. Ervin will hold hearings beginning April 9 on his bill (with 33 cosponsors) to forbid all Pentagon spying on civilians. Weicker is known to have retained a copy of the Berlin documents. Weicker also plans to raise the question of uncontrolled government snooping in the report of the Watergate committee. Not just the army, but many law enforcement and intelligence agencies of the government, he said recently, "have been carrying on a wide range of questionable activities without any sort of supervision from Congress."

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Candide

(Broadway)

The musical show based on Voltaire was first produced in 1956, failed, and has since become a Sacred Cause among its admirers. (I was out of the country that year and missed it.) Now it has been greatly revised, and revived. Lillian Hellman's book has been replaced by Hugh Wheeler's shorter, lighter one. Stephen Sondheim has added some lyrics to the already good ones by Richard Wilbur, all of which patter neatly through Leonard Bernstein's prettily adequate operetta score. Hershy Kay has apparently done new orchestrations, skillfully, for a smaller group. Eugene and Franne Lee designed costumes and setting—the crucial matter, see below—and Harold Prince directed. The show does not begin to be a dramatization of the whole novel, but it does get something of Voltaire's essence: a blitheness so persistent in the face of terrible facts that it becomes more wistful than ironic. Skimpy, poked-about, sometimes flashily theatricalized, this *Candide* at least does better by the spirit of its author than *Man of La Mancha* did by Cervantes.

The Chelsea Theater Center produced the revival a few months ago in their Brooklyn home; now it has moved to Broadway. Therein lies a tale almost as interesting as the hero's.

The CTC, founded in 1965, is an institutional theater operating principally in a large upper-floor room in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. They have done a number of new and old plays of high quality, and have produced most of them (that I've seen) unsatisfactorily. To direct this revival of *Candide*, they engaged Prince, an experienced producer and director of Broadway musicals. Prince, a member of the CTC's board, has lately started to diversify his activities. And, of course, he has known Sondheim and Bernstein at least since *West Side Story*, which he co-produced.

One feature of the CTC productions in Brooklyn has been the varied use of their rectangular room. Sometimes they

have done plays conventionally: rows of chairs across the narrow axis of the room with an elevated stage at one end. Sometimes they ranged the rows the long way and played the show on a stage along one of the long sides (Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*) or, having banked the rows high, acted on the floor (Genet's *The Screens*). This idea—varying the physical relation between actors and audience as is helpful to the play, instead of fitting the play into a fixed relation—has been an "advanced" concept at least since Okhlopkov's work in the USSR in the 1930s; and it got renewed currency with the momentous productions of Grotowski's Polish Laboratory Theater.

For *Candide* Eugene and Franne Lee went further than the CTC had gone before. The Lees have previously designed for Peter Brook and André Gregory and Richard Schechner, and their work here reflects that experience. They made the CTC space into a rough ripply amphitheater of benches, with audience stools also on the "pit" floor; with three small stages, one in the center of that pit and others on two of the sides; with an undulating runway making an O around the pit and connecting to the center stage with two little drawbridges. (Someone has to come out before each performance, even on Broadway, and warn the audience, first, that the show will run without intermission and, second, to keep feet and coats off the scattered playing spaces.) The musicians were split into four groups stuffed into various nooks of the setting, with the conductor visible to all choirs.

All this was quintessential to the show's success. Prince's staging took brisk advantage of the setting, so briskly that the audience gets slight chance to see how undistinguished the cast is. Mark Baker, the *Candide*, is a slovenly speaker, a mediocre singer, simply young and energetic. Lewis J. Stadlen, who has more to do than *Candide* because he combines narrator and Dr. Pangloss and several other parts, has a lot of confidence based on very little talent and an unattractive personality. Only Maureen Brennan, the Cunegonde, is really satisfactory—with a nice operetta voice and a wide smile of innocent sexiness. (A sample of how Hugh Wheeler italicizes elements in Voltaire: Cunegonde gets raped by one Bulgarian regiment instead of one Bulgarian.)

Anyway Prince breathes much more freely with this material than he did with *The Visit* (TNR, Jan. 5 & 12, 1974).

But as energetically as he has moved the show, as brightly as it has been revised, I think it's fair to say that its success came from the design concept. Of course Prince is presumably responsible for engaging the Lees; it's part of the eclecticism that marks his production—the overtones of Brook and Gregory, the U-shaped curtain from Carmen Capalbo's *Threepenny Opera*, even the release of streamers from the ceiling à la Jerome Robbins in *West Side Story*. (This last was eliminated on Broadway.) All these elements, some of them avant-garde, were selected by Prince knowingly, blended carefully, and served up tastily. The show might have been a success with relatively conventional production, on a stage in front of an audience; but this unconventional method gave the audience a sense of adventure even before the show began, gathered them into a community of—I'm afraid it's the right word—cuteness: which is to say, adventure without any risks.

The Brooklyn production, put on for a limited run, was sold out very quickly. Prince and the CTC made plans to move it to Broadway, and they understood the quintessence of the show's success. So they rented the cavernous Broadway Theater and converted it into a much-amplified version of the CTC playing space. The whole setting described above has been reproduced, except that rows of benches now stretch away much farther in two directions—a p. a. system must be used.

So now we have an unconventionally staged off-Broadway show that has become a hit on Broadway by remaining

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

The Exorcist. Just as ugly as you've heard, and (but?) probably even scarier.

In the Name of the Father. Brilliant, scathing, though uneven Italian film about adolescent schoolboys.

The Last Detail. Jack Nicholson electrifies this story of the peacetime navy's routine harshness.

The Mother and the Whore. Young Paris today. Three characters formed largely by the French films they and we know.

SK

SPRING LITERARY REVIEW



The Self-Realization of Robert Frost, 1911-1912

The character of Robert Frost flourished as a result of self-cultivation. The other huge figures of his era (Pound, Eliot, Stevens) or of the next poetic generation (Roethke, Berryman, Lowell) might lead us to think that all poets make themselves public in altered forms—shapes that resemble but only partly embody themselves. But we know better. A William Carlos Williams, an Elizabeth Bishop do not feel the need to create cartoons of themselves like Eliot the Old Possum or Uncle Ez, the “village explainer.”

Frost became the most famous American poet since Emerson and Whitman, and like them the character he presented to the world was not the least admirable of his creations. It was constructed out of materials that God had provided and was shaped as a result of events over which he had no control. But the Robert Frost whom I knew in his old age as a friend (closer than casual but not close enough for intimacy) contained in various proportions humanity and genius, jealousy and spitefulness, generosity, careerism, ease of access and an ultimately obsessive secrecy. He was a man who on the one hand spoke to every acquaintance with the unaffectedness of a lifelong friend; but who on the other hand succeeded in concealing some of the important elements

of his life even from his authorized biographer.

The fulfillment of Robert Frost's character, his maturing, took something like 20 years to gather momentum and then washed him up very suddenly on the shore of himself. Most poets find their voices in their 20s. Frost had to wait, in irritable obscurity until, at the age of 37, through an act of conscious will, his character finally changed, deepened and arrived. Three years later, on Washington's birthday 1915, disembarking in New York after his sojourn in England, he found on a 42nd Street newsstand, to his total surprise, a copy of *The New Republic* containing “The Death of the Hired Man.” He was already famous.

In discussing Robert Frost's character I have chosen to concentrate on the few months before his English adventure, centering on January 1912, when, I believe he lost himself and found himself at once. He never spoke much in his later life about this period, except in parables. The character he chose to embody in his middle and old age was one he had created as a form out of the deepest uncertainties. “When in doubt,” he once wrote, “there is always form for us to go on with. Anyone who has achieved the least form to be sure of it, is lost to the larger excruciations.” He tried to make his life a poem. “Every poem,” he wrote, “is an epitome of the great predicament; a figure of the will braving alien entanglements.”

Lawrence Thompson tells us that Robert Frost's first literary composition, when he was only a boy, was “a brief prose narrative based on one of his own dreams. Having run away from home,

he climbed high among mountain peaks until he found a secret pass into a happy valley where he was welcomed [and honored as a hero] by some friendly Indians who invited him to stay.” Even more significant is Frost's poem “Directive,” in which Frost gave us a parable for the road he took high among the mountains to find himself. “There,” he said to one biographer, pointing to “Directive,” “I rest my case.” The poem reads like a treasure map with a biblical legend: “Under a spell, so the wrong ones won't find it/ And can't get saved, as Saint Mark says they mustn't.”

Robert Lee Frost was born in San Francisco on March 26, 1874. His father came from a very old New England family based in Lawrence, Massachusetts. His mother had emigrated from Scotland at the age of 12. Both parents were teachers. William Prescott Frost, Jr., a cold, cruel and humorless man, pressed marriage on Isabelle Moodie and took her west to San Francisco. Several years later they separated for a while and Mrs. Frost took her two young children east to Lawrence for a stay of many months; but a reconciliation brought her back to San Francisco where William Frost indulged in Copperhead politics, drank much whiskey, and visited various indignities on his wife and children. He died in 1885 of tuberculosis. Again Mrs. Frost made the long journey east to bury her husband's body, by his request, in Lawrence.

From 1885 til 1911, except for two brief and unsuccessful ventures into college education at Dartmouth and Harvard, young Robert Frost lived mostly in, and

These remarks, in somewhat expanded form, were delivered before an audience at the Library of Congress on March 26, 1974, the centenary of Robert Frost's birth. Published here, courtesy of the Library of Congress.

never farther than 20 miles away from Lawrence. When he was at home he slept in his mother's bedroom until at least the end of his high school years. Witty, imaginative, proud, mystical, Isabelle Moodie Frost is probably the only person close to him of whom no one ever heard Robert speak an ill word. In 1895 after a prolonged and intense contest of wills punctuated by suicidal threats and actions, Robert overcame his schoolmate Elinor White's doubts about his poor prospects. He forced her to consent to marriage before there was any assurance he would be able to support a family. He taught school at various places, still within the near magnetic radius of Lawrence, then went to Harvard for a little while but dropped out in 1899 when his mother became ill and a second child was expected. He returned to Lawrence again. During the year 1900 the pattern of his life was shattered. His eldest child Elliott died, partly as a result of the Frosts' medical naiveté. A few months later his mother died as well. Meanwhile Frost's grandfather, William Prescott Frost, Sr., a stern but generous man, bought a farm for the young couple near Derry, New Hampshire, 12 miles from Lawrence. In 1901 the grandfather died and left Robert an annuity in his will. These gifts of house and income young Frost was perverse enough to accept not as a franchise but as a sentence of banishment.

The Robert Frost who took up residence in Derry in 1900 was arrogant, touchy, neurasthenic, sickly and shy. Contemporary photographs show us a smooth, stubborn, cold-eyed, sensitive face with sensuous lips. His handwriting was indecisive, scattered and slanting. He was preternaturally sensitive to slights and indignities and had long lived in resentment of his mother's struggle against genteel poverty. In the poems he had already written, and in the poems he would soon write, he often speaks of running away, of losing himself in the woods. In fact this theme would repeat itself again and again from the first poem of *A Boy's Will* until the very last poem of *In the Clearing*. He was perhaps more troubled by the fear of weakness than by weakness itself. Lawrence and Methuen, Massachusetts, Salem and Derry, New Hampshire—these were all still foreign lands to the San Francisco boy. Years later in another poem he would have gained the wisdom to tell himself why:

Something we were withholding made
us weak

*Until we found out that it was
ourselves
We were withholding from our land
of living,
And forthwith found salvation in
surrender.*

He had not yet found the courage to change, to surrender to "the unconsidered land," the courage to be whole.

The years in Derry, New Hampshire, 1900 to 1911, began in an atmosphere of terrible depression. The death of young Elliott had naturally depressed and embittered Elinor Frost as deeply as Robert. In 1913 he wrote to his fellow poet F. S. Flint even before publication of *A Boy's Will*: "When the life of the streets perplexed me a long time ago I attempted to find an answer to it for myself by going literally into the wilderness, where I was so lost to friends and everyone that not five people crossed my threshold in as many years." And in a 1935 public speech he said: "I remember ten or twenty years of writing after I wrote the first poem that I got any personal satisfaction from. Twenty years of it when I was out and in and didn't know what I was and didn't know what I wanted, nor what the feeling was that I wanted to satisfy. Not having anything in the mind, no formula, just seeking, questing."

We know from Lawrance Thompson's massive biography that these versions of the Derry years are far from the whole story. By 1906 the worst of his depression was over, and Frost little by little emerged from his isolation, began teaching school again, became inventive as a teacher and revered by many of his students. He was writing and sometimes publishing poems. In 1909 the Frosts left the Derry farm to share a house in Derry Village. Two years later Frost was invited to teach psychology at the Normal School in Plymouth, New Hampshire. He seemed to be displaying a new confidence in himself, for reasons not immediately clear, reasons he himself never made explicit in later years. Lawrance Thompson reports:

*He now had the gait and carriage of a man
going somewhere . . . This very touchy
man of moods . . . had brought his arro-
gance under at least temporary control. At
Plymouth, in his offhand conversations in-
side and outside the classroom, his remarks
were usually cheerful, witty, mischievous,
playful. [Old friends] would have noticed
that even his speech was different from his
talk at the time of the move from Law-
rence to Derry in 1900 . . . Frost had grad-
ually modified his way of talking. He de-*

*liberately imitated the manner in which his
neighbors unconsciously slurred words,
dropped endings, and clipped their sen-
tences. By the time he reached Plymouth,
glad to be rid of the farm, he was still per-
fecting the art of talking like a farmer.*

So much for the outward signs of change. For the inward record we will have to turn to the poetry, for the biographers and Frost himself tell us all but nothing. "Directive" directs us "Back out of all this now too much for us," along a half-abandoned road to "a house that is no more a house / Upon a farm that is no more a farm / And in a town that is no more a town." Not only is the poem "one of the most moving poems Frost or anyone has written," as Theodore Morrison rightly says, but its very esoteric quality offers a "riddling invitation to those who are capable of it to go, starting from confusion, back to whatever source their hearts venerate, and to find there the wholeness they may not have known since the forward journey innocently began." Frost cannot speak to or for us unless he is also in some way speaking for himself, in "a figure of the will braving alien entanglements."

"Directive" tells us much about rage and division, about moving back from the present into the past, from the valleys to the mountains, into the psychically deserted New England culture. Can Robert Frost be suggesting, in the lines that conclude the poem, that he had found "wholeness" by returning to his own New England sources after a long resistance? That, "possessing what he still was unpossessed by," he had finally "found salvation in surrender"?

*Your destination and your destiny's
A brook that was the water of the
house,
Cold as a spring as yet so near its
source,
Too lofty and original to rage.
(We know the valley streams that
when aroused
Will leave their tatters hung on barb
and thorn.)
I have kept hidden in the instep arch
Of an old cedar at the waterside
A broken drinking goblet like the
Grail
Under a spell so the wrong ones
can't find it,
So can't get saved, as Saint Mark
says they mustn't.
(I stole the goblet from the children's
playhouse.)
Here are your waters and your*

watering place.
 Drink and be whole again beyond
 confusion.

The external signs were all there in 1911: Frost's breakaway from Derry, his newly mannered speech, his evident confidence, his new cheerfulness and wit—all these must be taken as signs of self-definition, most particularly his new-found humor. "The style is the man," Robert Frost once wrote, "Rather say the style is the way the man takes himself; and to be at all charming or even bearable, the way is almost rigidly prescribed. If it is with outer seriousness, it must be with inner humor. If it is with outer humor, it must be with inner seriousness. Neither one alone without the other under it will do." Frost's new style, like his new personality, was calculated to be both charming and bearable. Once the new style had been achieved and Frost knew he had mastered it, he minced no words: "To be perfectly frank with you I am one of the most notable craftsmen of my time . . . I alone of English writers have consciously set myself to make music out of what I may call the sound of sense."

I believe that before the end of the year 1911, in Plymouth, Robert Frost had begun "taking himself" differently enough to make this new style, this craftsman's revolution, possible. How conscious was the alteration? Just before Christmas 1911 he wrote to Susan Hayes Ward enclosing a manuscript booklet of 17 poems, nine of which would appear in *A Boy's Will* and later books:

It represents, needless to tell you, not the long deferred forward movement you are living in wait for, but only the grim stand it was necessary for me to make until I should gather myself together. The forward movement is to take place next year . . .

A week or two later, over the Christmas holidays, Frost traveled to Newark, New Jersey to visit Miss Ward. Immediately on his return, in January 1912, he began writing in a frenzy. Apparently he had meant it literally when he said "next year." His revolution was underway.

When Robert Frost returned from Newark at the new year, 1912, he was deep into Henri Bergson's newly published *Creative Evolution*. In Bergson he found ready evidence to confirm the turbulent changes that were taking place in his own psyche:

Let us seek, in the depths of our experience, the point where we feel ourselves most intimately within our own life. It is into pure duration that we then plunge back, a duration in which the past, always moving on, is swelling unceasingly with a present that is absolutely new. But, at the same time, we feel the spring of our will strained to its utmost limit. We must, by a strong recoil of our personality on itself, gather up our past which is slipping away, in order to thrust it, compact and undivided, into a present which it will create by entering. Rare

indeed are the moments when we are self-possessed to this extent: it is then that our actions are truly free.

We know Frost read Bergson—probably with a throb of excitement at the prospect of being "truly free." Let this passage guide us in assessing Frost's interior struggle of January 1912, a month in which the poetry fit was on him. In thanking Miss Ward after his visit to Newark, he hinted darkly, "Please remember who it was that Luther thought the proper target to throw ink at by the bottleful," and he enclosed an early

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draft of "Design," his most diabolic sonnet. What was he writing during this aggressive expenditure of ink? One thing can be fairly proved: the poems written at this moment were those that would make up the revolutionary *North of Boston*, and some that would furnish Frost's later books.

The next letter Frost wrote Miss Ward was dated February 10. By this time a great deal of ink had been thrown at the devil. The letter contains in its phrases echoes not only of Bergson and Shelley but of half a dozen poems:

Two lonely cross-roads that themselves cross each other I have walked several times this winter without meeting or overtaking so much as a single person on foot or on runners. The practically unbroken condition of both for several days after a snow or a blow proves that neither is much travelled. Judge then how surprised I was the other evening as I came down one to see a man, who to my own unfamiliar eyes and in the dusk looked for all the world like myself, coming down the other, his approach to the point where our paths must intersect being so timed that unless one of us pulled up we must inevitably collide. I felt as if I was going to meet my own image in a slanting mirror. Or say I felt as we slowly converged on the same point with the same noiseless yet laborious strides as if we were two images about to float together with the uncrossing of someone's eyes. I verily expected to take up or absorb this other self and feel the stronger by the addition for the three-mile journey home. But I didn't go forward to the touch. I stood still in wonderment and let him pass by; and that, too, with the fatal omission of not trying to find out by a comparison of lives and immediate and remote interests what could have brought us by crossing paths to the same point in the wilderness at the same moment of nightfall. Some purpose I doubt not, if we could but have made it out. I like a coincidence almost as well as an incongruity.

I am no professional interpreter of dreams, but I would find this letter quite amazing no matter who had written it. Coming from Frost it is stunning. Just as he had mythologized his years in Derry to make them sound more forsaken than the reality, so in this dream letter Frost has managed to construct a personal myth out of a chance meeting. But it looms even larger than that. As he

"stood still in wonderment and let him pass by," Frost was somehow defining his life. Was he not rejecting one part of himself, making himself simpler but more controllable and more secretive, accepting as an act of conscious will the disguise that he had worked up in Derry and tried on in Plymouth, the disguise of countryman-philosopher-poet?

Who is the man whom Frost imagines to be himself? Could he be a dream image of the father whom Robert had last seen alive in San Francisco? Is it the past that he is willing to face, to "expect to take up or absorb . . . and feel the stronger"? Is it an alternative self which he is tempted to become? Do the two contrasting figures, "my own image in a slanting mirror," embody the angle of conflict between Frost's humanity and his poetry? "I stood still in wonderment and let him pass by." It was the Grand Refusal.

Like many American writers Frost had been drawn from the West to the East. Henry James and Mark Twain, to name but two, had relished the eastward movement; Frost, until this time in his life, had begrudged that motion eastward because to him it meant disgrace and failure. But now he had recognized the validity of Bergson's retrograde movement, "obliged, though it goes forward, to look behind," and was willing to pay what he would later call "the tribute of the current to the source." Now he inwardly accepted the retrograde movement, the existence of his past, and he found himself whole at last. Wholeness so freed him, in fact, that he was able not only to liberate himself from Derry, that haunted place, but, a year later, to launch out on another great leap.

In the summer of 1912 the Frosts are said to have flipped a coin to decide whether to move to Vancouver or England. "The coin chose England," Frost reported. It pointed them toward the East, recapitulating the movement of 1885 from California; but this move eastward brought with it a tremendous access of new energy. Not a month after arriving in England, Frost was at last able to dust off the poems in *A Boy's Will*—almost all of them except "one or two things to round out the idea" long since completed during the Derry years—and take them to a publisher.

Throughout the fall of 1912 he went on writing poems in his adopted Yankee voice, in the *North of Boston* style, giving himself over to his sense of New Hampshire language and landscape and people. "You have no idea," he wrote to

Sidney Cox at Christmas 1912, "of the way I mismanage myself since I broke loose and ceased to keep hours. It seems as if I did nothing but write and write. . . ." By the late summer of 1913, a year after leaving the United States, not only was *A Boy's Will* already published, but *North of Boston* seems also to have been complete, and it was published in England the next year. Frost marveled a little at what had happened to him. The change was evident in a dozen ways. His very handwriting altered significantly during the year 1912, showing new traits that a graphologist might identify as increases in both boldness and secretiveness. Not only had Frost arrived at a new poetic style, but at a new personality that the style reflected. The style was indeed "the way the man took himself," with "outer humor but with inner seriousness."

A few years later he would answer an inquirer's questions with more questions. "I wonder if coming to New England from California can have had anything to do with my feeling for New England and I wonder if my having written so much about it from as far away as old England can have helped?" And he dropped another hint about the relation between the change in personality and the change in style: "Look for something unsocial in *A Boy's Will* as compared with *North of Boston*." Finally when he wrote "The Bearer of Evil Tidings" he would relate the fulfillment of his childhood dream: "At least he had this in common / With the race he chose to adopt: / They each of them had their reasons / For stopping where they had stopped."

For the moment he had stopped in England. At the age of 39 he knew himself to be among the notable poets of his time two years before the world would get around to finding out. Exulting in his craft, he was not yet given over to the entanglements of conspiracy and careerism. His family was still united and not yet blighted with catastrophe. The new wounds that success would inflict upon his marriage had not yet been struck. Though he had for decades been living the life of a poet, now at last he knew himself for one without having to teach, or to "bard around," or to connive at his reputation and advancement as he would later on. He was whole again without confusion. After that crucial winter at Plymouth, with its mysterious encounter at the crossroads, he had finally caught up with himself.

Peter Davison

The Death of the Hired Man

Mary sat musing on the lamp-flame at the table,
Waiting for Warren. When she heard his step,
She ran on tiptoe down the darkened passage
To meet him in the doorway with the news
And put him on his guard. "Silas is back."
She pushed him outward with her through the door
And shut it after her. "Be kind," she said.
She took the market things from Warren's arms
And set them on the porch, then drew him down
To sit beside her on the wooden steps.

"When was I ever anything but kind to him?
But I'll not have the fellow back," he said.
'I told him so last haying, didn't I?
'If he left then,' I said, 'that ended it.'
What good is he? Who else will harbour him
At his age for the little he can do?
What help he is there's no depending on.
Off he goes always when I need him most.
'He thinks he ought to earn a little pay,
Enough at least to buy tobacco with,
So he won't have to beg and be beholden.'
'All right,' I say, 'I can't afford to pay
Any fixed wages, though I wish I could.'
'Someone else can.' 'Then someone else will have to.'
I shouldn't mind his bettering himself
If that was what it was. You can be certain,
When he begins like that, there's someone at him
Trying to coax him off with pocket-money—
In haying time, when any help is scarce.
In winter he comes back to us. I'm done."

"Sh! not so loud: he'll hear you," Mary said.

"I want him to: he'll have to, soon or late."

"He's worn out. He's asleep beside the stove.
When I came up from Rowe's I found him here,
Huddled against the barn-door fast asleep,
A miserable sight, and frightening, too—
You needn't smile—I didn't recognize him—
I wasn't looking for him—and he's changed.
Wait till you see."

"Where did you say he'd been?"

"He didn't say. I dragged him to the house,
And gave him tea and tried to make him smoke.
I tried to make him talk about his travels.
Nothing would do: he just kept nodding off."

"What did he say? Did he say anything?"

"But little."

"Anything? Mary, confess

He said he'd come to ditch the meadow for me."

"Warren!"

"But did he? I just want to know."

"Of course he did. What would you have him say?
Surely you wouldn't grudge the poor old man
Some humble way to save his self-respect.
He added, if you really care to know,
He meant to clear the upper pasture, too.
That sounds like something you have heard before?

Warren, I wish you could have heard the way
He jumbled everything. I stopped to look
Two or three times—he made me feel so queer—
To see if he was talking in his sleep.
He ran on Harold Wilson—you remember—
The boy you had in haying four years since.
He's finished school, and teaching in his college.
Silas declares you'll have to get him back.
He says they two will make a team for work:
Between them they will lay this farm as smooth!
The way he mixed that in with other things.
He thinks young Wilson a likely lad, though daft
On education—you know how they fought
All through July under the blazing sun,
Silas up on the cart to build the load,
Harold along beside to pitch it on."

"Yes, I took care to keep well out of earshot."

"Well, those days trouble Silas like a dream.
You wouldn't think they would. How some things linger!
Harold's young college boy's assurance piqued him.
After so many years he still keeps finding
Good arguments he sees he might have used.
I sympathize. I know just how it feels
To think of the right thing to say too late.
Harold's associated in his mind with Latin.
He asked me what I thought of Harold's saying
He studied Latin like the violin.
Because he liked it—that an argument!
He said he couldn't make the boy believe
He could find water with a hazel prong—
Which showed how much good school had ever done him.
He wanted to go over that. But most of all
He thinks if he could have another chance
To teach him how to build a load of hay—"

"I know, that's Silas' one accomplishment.
He bundles every forkful in its place,
And tags and numbers it for future reference,
So he can find and easily dislodge it
In the unloading. Silas does that well.
He takes it out in bunches like big birds' nests.
You never see him standing on the hay
He's trying to lift, straining to lift himself."

"He thinks if he could teach him that, he'd be
Some good perhaps to someone in the world.
He hates to see a boy the fool of books.
Poor Silas, so concerned for other folk,
And nothing to look backward to with pride,
And nothing to look forward to with hope,
So now and never any different."

Part of a moon was falling down the west,
Dragging the whole sky with it to the hills.
Its light poured softly in her lap. She saw
And spread her apron to it. She put out her hand
Among the harp-like morning-glory strings,
Taut with the dew from garden bed to eaves,
As if she played unheard the tenderness
That wrought on him beside her in the night.
"Warren," she said, "he has come home to die:
You needn't be afraid he'll leave you this time."

"Home," he mocked gently.

"Yes, what else but home?

It all depends on what you mean by home.

Of course he's nothing to us, any more
Than was the hound that came a stranger to us
Out of the woods, worn out upon the trail."

"Home is the place where, when you have to go there,
They have to take you in."

"I should have called it
Something you somehow haven't to deserve."

Warren leaned out and took a step or two,
Picked up a little stick, and brought it back
And broke it in his hand and tossed it by.
"Silas has better claim on us, you think,
Than on his brother? Thirteen little miles
As the road winds would bring him to his door.
Silas has walked that far no doubt to-day.
Why didn't he go there? His brother's rich,
A somebody—director in the bank."

"He never told us that."

"We know it, though."

"I think his brother ought to help, of course.
I'll see to that if there is need. He ought of right
To take him in, and might be willing to—
He may be better than appearances.
But have some pity on Silas. Do you think
If he'd had any pride in claiming kin
Or anything he looked for from his brother,
He'd keep so still about him all this time?"

"I wonder what's between them."

"I can tell you."

Silas is what he is—we wouldn't mind him—
But just the kind that kinsfolk can't abide.
He never did a thing so very bad.

He don't know why he isn't quite as good
As anyone. He won't be made ashamed
To please his brother, worthless though he is."

"I can't think Si ever hurt anyone."

"No, but he hurt my heart the way he lay
And rolled his old head on that sharp-edged chair-back.
He wouldn't let me put him on the lounge.
You must go in and see what you can do.
I made the bed up for him there to-night.
You'll be surprised at him—how much he's broken.
His working days are done; I'm sure of it."

"I'd not be in a hurry to say that."

"I haven't been. Go, look, see for yourself.
But, Warren, please remember how it is:
He's come to help you ditch the meadow.
He has a plan. You mustn't laugh at him.
He may not speak of it, and then he may.
I'll sit and see if that small sailing cloud
Will hit or miss the moon."

It hit the moon.

Then there were three there, making a dim row,
The moon, the little silver cloud, and she.

Warren returned—too soon, it seemed to her,
Slipped to her side, caught up her hand and waited.

"Warren," she questioned.

"Dead," was all he answered.

ROBERT FROST

Reprinted from *The New Republic*, February 16, 1915.

From Hope to Despondency

An Inquiry into the Human Prospect by Robert L. Heilbroner

(W. W. Norton; \$5.95)

Looking back, it seems like another era when Americans listened with rising hope to J. F. Kennedy's ardent promise "to get our country moving ahead again," to presidential adviser Walter Heller's calm assurance that the "new economics" would bring prosperity without inflation, to LBJ's drawled accounts of a Great Society of peace, racial harmony and abundance. In a single decade since the early 1960s we have compressed a lifetime's transformation from youthful exuberance to the gloom of a disillusioned maturity. The mani-

festations, among which we must number Robert Heilbroner's new book, are everywhere.

Population pundits warn that humanity will soon crowd itself off the globe. Natural resource experts point to actual or prospective shortages of nearly everything. The savagery of crime in the streets generates a pervasive fear that questions basic institutions. The public watches helplessly as underdeveloped countries plot for worldwide economic warfare. Insouciantly the new generation transgresses the moral

precepts of the old. Intellectual leaders such as Nobel laureate George Wald rail at the materialism spawned in a "society of profit maximizers." Add the Vietnam war, the Watergate scandal, airplane hijackings, the spreading use of drugs, the on-again-off-again energy crisis. The dominant mood of Americans today, as *An Inquiry into the Human Prospect* both recognizes and reflects, is hardly one of confidence firmly rooted in the security of their values and the certainty of national rectitude and wisdom. It is in the spirit of a new public malaise bordering on desperation that Heilbroner writes of the outlook for mankind.

His is not, however, the conventional pointing with alarm unless. . . . The unique characteristic of Heilbroner's analysis is that he explores all avenues of escape from future catastrophe and finds each one blocked. "The outlook for man," he writes, "is painful, dif-

ficult, perhaps desperate, and the hope that can be held out for his future prospect is very slim indeed." In the offing, on some unnamable date a generation or two or three ahead, he foresees the peril of a cataclysmic ending—a doomsday—and between now and then a largely hopeless struggle bearing unspeakable costs in human life, resources and institutions. His brief (barely 150 pages) book is an eloquent essay in unrelieved despair.

Few people probably will be able to accept Heilbroner's prognosis, even given the pessimistic tenor of the times, nor would I urge them to do so. But I would and do recommend that his book be given a studious reading. A respected economic historian, Heilbroner is also a gifted and sensitive writer. In *An Inquiry* he sustains the argument with a dazzling farrago of sociology, psychoanalysis, economics and political science that few others can match. In the process, his final conclusions aside, he provides new insights into the intricate nexus of forces that at this juncture in history is shaping the destiny of man.

At the bottom of Heilbroner's analysis is a set of facts that in general outline are familiar to every newspaper reader or television watcher. Despite declining birth rates in the West an enormous population growth is underway everywhere, partly reflecting prevailing age distributions. Extrapolating present trends, the world population will rise from a current 3.6 billion to 11 or 12 billion by the time children now in elementary school receive their first social security checks—if they're still around. Given this increase, which would accrue mostly in the underdeveloped countries, merely to maintain prevailing living standards would require a tremendous expansion in world production. But natural resources are limited. Furthermore rising output bears with it the noxious byproducts of air and sea contamination, environmental destruction and global thermal pollution, the latter pressing against a "barrier that confronts us with all the force of an ultimatum from nature." These are the facts as Heilbroner perceives them, and with the "extrapolating" qualifications noted and implied, they are generally accepted. It is what he does with them that is different.

The world of the imminent future Heilbroner envisions is one of disharmony and struggle. Even though populations are huge and increasing, production will be circumscribed every-

where since man "will be unable to sustain growth [because of diminishing resources] and unable to tolerate it [because of pollution] if he did." Within the developed countries, both capitalist and socialist, he projects a fierce conflict among occupational groups and social classes for larger shares in the dwindling supply of output available per person. Within the underdeveloped countries he sees deepening privation leading to aggression and "nuclear blackmail" against their richer neighbors. Inherent psychological limitations will inhibit the adaptive capabilities of people to these challenges—particularly the "hunger for authority" and the narrow capacity

for identification implanted in humans in infancy. The first of these "implants" will lead them to seek strong-arm leadership for the maintenance of order. The second will prevent the development of a brotherhood of nations or even a rational set of international agreements mutually limiting economic activity and populations.

Hence the use of reason and peaceful adjudication in accommodating conflicting interests, both within and among nations, is ruled out by Heilbroner's diagnosis. (Also ruled out are spectacular scientific innovations such as widespread application of heat-saving and fuel-conserving solar energy.) The results he foresees are a universal

LÉON BLUM

the formative years, 1872-1914



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WILLIAM LOGUE

This biography of the early years of Léon Blum is a study in the making of a socialist. The forces and commitments that shaped the schoolboy, the young lawyer and the reformer of sexual mores are made clear. Blum developed his skills as a penetrating critic with reviews that won him the friendship—and often the enmity—of such men as André Gide, Anatole France, and Maurice Barrès. His social awareness caused him to be an early supporter of Dreyfus and finally one of the leading French politicians of this century. He was, indeed, one of the most attractive figures of the 20th century.

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rise of repressive, totalitarian governments, great wars among rival nation-states, environmental disasters as some greedily pursue greater output, and in the poorer countries especially, famine and disease. Can some portion of humanity escape asphyxiation from the pollution of excessive production, execution by ruthless dictators, slaughter in the world wars, death from pestilence or hunger? At this point Heilbroner's fatidic efforts pause.

Depressed readers would do well to examine that last few pages of an earlier book by the same author, *The Making of Society*, written in 1963 and revised with minor changes five years later. Heilbroner closes that excellent work with a tribute to man's scientific and political resiliency that would produce, he prophesied, the spread of democratically planned societies where "it is man who

must govern things rather than things which must govern man." In that book he took for granted a reasonable abundance of material goods, thought that wasteful profit-seeking activities would peacefully recede, and expected that people would turn to "new areas of fulfillment—education, the arts and sciences, recreation and personal cultivation, the beautification of the environment." What changed since 1968? Was it the objective facts bearing on survival or the dominant mood of the nation, including Mr. Heilbroner, swinging from hope to despondency? Perhaps the key lies in ensuring that no future President ever repeats what Richard Nixon once enounced (through the voice of David Frye): "They say I should have foreseen the energy crisis, but that would have been the easy thing to do."

Melville J. Ulmer

Papas Ratti and Pacelli

The Vatican in the Age of the Dictators (1922-1945) by Anthony Rhodes

(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; \$12.50)

Reading Anthony Rhodes' account of the diplomatic response of Popes Pius XI and Pius XII to dictators during the two and a half decades between 1920 and 1945 was a rather strange experience for this reviewer. Papa Ratti and Papa Pacelli are currently not in very good repute among many thoughtful Catholics. In our youth both men were the objects of an intense personality cult. More recently much of the mystique seems to have worn off the papacy, and the writing of Gunter Levy, Saul Friedlander and Gordon Zahn—to say nothing of Rolf Hochhuth's fictionalized history in *The Deputy*—have made Pius XII, especially, seem a very unattractive person indeed.

Thus I was surprised to find myself changing my opinion of both men as I read Rhodes' careful and utterly dispassionate account of their dealings with the various dictators who ruled Europe in the era of the two world wars. Rhodes, apparently not Catholic himself and with that marvelous sense

of fairness that seems to be characteristic of the British, seeks to understand both men in the context of their own time. He resolutely refuses to engage in the hindsight wisdom so prevalent in much of current historical writing.

If one concedes to Rhodes that both the Popes Pius were principally concerned with defending the church against "the violent attacks . . . in the aftermath of the Great War, a period of spiritual, intellectual upheaval unknown since the French Revolution," one can understand the behavior of both men, and even begin to sympathize with the extremely difficult position in which they found themselves. Both popes were concerned about protecting the most elementary freedom of the church to do its work. They were convinced that this was their principal responsibility in exercising papal leadership. Attacks on this elementary freedom in France, Spain, Germany, Mexico, Czechoslovakia, Italy and Russia made the papal concern all too real.

A number of interesting though little known facts emerge from *The Vatican in the Age of the Dictators*. Pius XI was perfectly prepared to deal with the anti-clerical Republic of Spain, as he had been to deal with similar anti-clerical governments in Mexico, France and Czechoslovakia. The Vatican hoped for friendlier relations with the Soviet Union. It was extremely dubious about Franco, and went along with him reluctantly only when it became clear that the moderates in the republic were unable to control the anarcho-syndicalists. Nor were there any illusions in Rome about either nazism or fascism. Pius XI dealt with both simply because in the circumstances there was no other way to enable the church in these countries to keep going. During his reign it was established Vatican policy to deal with *anyone*—left, right, center, clerical or anti-clerical—who would permit the church to do its work.

On the complex question of Pius XII and the Jews, Rhodes endorses the position of the Israeli writer, Lapide, that "the Catholic Church saved more Jewish lives during the war than all the other churches, religious institutions, and rescue organizations put together—the Catholic Church saved some 400,000 Jews from certain death."

Rhodes also inclines to think that the pope was correct in judging that a public proclamation condemning the Nazi persecution of the Jews would have made matters worse. Granting himself the only irony in the book, Rhodes notes, "Such a condemnation would have doubtless won Pius XII the acclaim of decent men like Levy, Friedlander, and Hochhuth, but would have meant more rather than less dead Jews."

In the context of their positions and their world views, Pius XI and Pius XII are given substantially better than passing grades by Rhodes. Papa Ratti was perhaps too stubborn and domineering, Papa Pacelli perhaps too vacillating. The abolition of the Catholic political parties by the former and the substitution of a concordat strategy was probably a mistake, as was their failure to reform the almost exclusively Italianate College of Cardinals and Curia and to provide a much larger and more effective staff for the Secretary of State. But as far as dealing with dictators, the two popes probably had a better record than any statesman of their time.

They never permitted themselves the illusions of a Neville Chamberlain about Hitler or a Franklin Roosevelt about

good old Uncle Joe Stalin. Radical intellectuals, like Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, who defended Stalin against the charge of maintaining slave labor camps long after their existence had been proved beyond doubt are scarcely in a position to criticize. Nor are more recent radical intellectuals in a better position to criticize since it has become apparent that their great hero, Fidel Castro, is a dictator. Those presently singing the praises of Chairman Mao will almost certainly be embarrassed when de-Maoization sets in and his successors reveal him as the mad murderer the record shows him to be. Only in hindsight can one tell the "good" dictators from the "bad" ones.

Perhaps the most surprising aspect of Rhodes' book is the discovery of what a very narrow image of the papacy both the Piuses had. Whatever they may have said in theory, in daily practice they thought of themselves not as world religious leaders but as men whose primary responsibility was to defend the church as an organization in the various countries of the world where it was under threat. They seemed to be almost totally unaware of the immense prestige that the papacy was capable of accumulating. Had each pope set out to play to the fullest his role as more than just the leader of the Catholic church as an organization but the most important religious spokesman in the world, he might have been far more successful. John XXIII, partly by chance and partly by shrewd peasant instinct, chose to play the role of world religious leader and brought to the papacy prestige it had not enjoyed since before the Reformation—if then. Paul has tried to do the same thing, but unfortunately he is a man too much in the mold of the two Piuses to capture the imagination of the world the way John did.

Still the lesson ought to be clear for his successor: the wise pope leaves the organizational concerns of the church to someone else and sets himself up as a religious leader of humankind. Such is the potential prestige of the papacy that such a task ought to be almost easy. Surely John did it without even seeming to try.

Andrew M. Greeley

COMING

Lauren Baritz
reviews
Studs Terkel's new book
Working

Civil Religion

Choosing Our King by Michael Novak

(Macmillan; \$7.95)

The intent is intriguing: to explore the nature of the presidency and the symbolic geography of national politics in order to develop a new frame of reference for ethical questions, and especially to clarify that facet of American life that Archbishop John Ireland called in 1884 "the religion of patriotism" and sociologist Robert N. Bellah, borrowing from Rousseau, christened "civil religion." Civil religion is not the traditional American churches. To initiate it is the sum of those institutional values, symbols and rituals—generally pragmatic and secular—which act as cohesive force and center of meaning, in the subconscious at least, of much of the population.

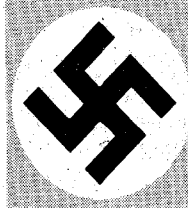
In a sense civil religion is wordmanship. It has a special vocabulary ("conscience," "commitment," "witness"), its own saints and martyrs (Washington, Lincoln, two Kennedys, Martin Luther King), its holy days (Thanksgiving, Memorial Day), its sacred music (the National Anthem, "America the Beautiful") and its liturgy (Fourth of July speeches, elections to public office). Much of civil religion is co-option. But to those who claim to see its light, civil religion is as real as any bell, book and candle cult.

Civil religion has had its conceptualists and its analytical dilettantes, but until now no strong evangelist. Michael Novak may now qualify as such with *Choosing Our King*, a title composed of a mixed metaphor, come to think of it. *Choosing* is a book of explication and application, the latter in the context of civil religion's supreme "rite of purification": the presidential election by which a high priest is raised up every four years. Novak's focus is on 1972, a perfect election in many ways for study since the candidates for ordination, counting those who fell by the wayside en route to the November rituals, ranged the spectrum of viable American political congregations.

But 1972 had its limitations. So many dirty tricks were taking place behind the rood screen of the Nixon incumbency that—in the parlance of civil religion—the liturgy in progress seems to have been more in the nature of a black



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mass than an orthodox ceremonial. Hence the possibility of exorcism now being pondered by the House Judiciary Committee. Novak is not undone by these circumstances. On the contrary his later deadline has spared him the embarrassments of some of the quick chroniclers of '72. At least his book is not a splicing in of paragraphs and extra chapters to handle the explosive revelations of the Ervin committee hearings. Nevertheless until there is full knowledge of the sabotage that the Nixon gang was up to, it is impossible for anyone, Novak included, to fit the surface events of '72 into an entirely convincing canon. It is a further disservice to fairness to apply the usual yardsticks of political behavior to the Muskie sobbing incident in New Hampshire, when in fact Muskie was being programmed for the unraveling that occurred. The story is in the perversity done the man, not the symbolism of his response. This is true of other incidents of '72.

The sum of all this is that Novak's exegesis of '72 is less compelling than his explication of civil religion itself. In this regard much of his achievement is to flesh out Bellah's "potent conception," a considerable achievement. Bellah's was a relatively brief essay that left civil religion more sensed than defined. Allow the premise for a civil religion and Novak makes it as unmistakable as the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." His mode is the same as it was in *The Open Church*, which combined exegesis and journalism about the Roman Catholic Church in the context of Vatican Council II. *Choosing* contains some of Novak's most interesting writing since that book, though there will be dissent on some of his political analysis and wonder over at least one gap in the civil-religion thesis. Delineating five Protestant strains of civil religion; mainline Protestantism of New England, the Southern and small-town populist tradition, middle-class heartland churches, cyclical Protestantism and black Protestantism, he mentions that these five have their Catholic, Jewish and secular variants but he provides no description of any of them.

Novak the believer is not Novak the hardline apologist for inherited civil religion, which he finds disproportionately masculine, WASPish, inbred and often superficial. "The traditional national self-understanding," he writes, "offered America little instruction in how to admit evil, corporate and individual; how to accept defeat; how to live

in a world of scarcity, limits and fragility; how to aspire to a tragic sense of life." Novak suggests correctives, principally by reforming the presidency and bringing national symbols into closer harmony with the moral realities of political lives, for instance, the separation of the presidency into two functions—head of state and chief executive.

The prescriptions for reform and renewal come in the wrap-up chapters, but are much too brief (if not politically naive and visionary) to be helpful. The ending thus leaves Novak short of establishing satisfactory new formulae for a more realistic American dream. On the other hand he has heightened perceptions of American civilization and political life as a set of secular symbols. Whether one cottons to the notion of a civil religion or not, Novak must be credited as a effective preacher of its word.

John Deedy

Recent Fiction

Cogan's Trade by George V. Higgins

(Knopf; \$5.95)

George V. Higgins, as everyone knows, is the latest shake-scene of the crime novel. A former criminal lawyer and now an assistant US attorney, he is also the author of *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* (1972) and *The Digger's Game* (1973), both of which, like *Cogan's Trade*, explore the grimy lives of small-time Boston hoods. Like those hoods—apparently operators of travel agencies, driving schools, neighborhood bars—Higgins is not what he seems to be. Melvin Maddocks tagged him "a new boss of bullet-lettres," but he is really a local-color novelist wrapped in a crime writer's hide. Imagine Sarah Orne Jewett fresh from a Dorchester brothel or John Millington Synge exiled to Charlestown, and you have classy literary equivalents for Higgins' kind of writing. To distant readers his revelations of life among the Boston lowly must have some of the fascination attached to exposés of Parisian apaches or New York mafiosi; but for readers who come from

Boston themselves, the experience is more complex. They can follow the action, of course:

Steve turned the LTD right on Commonwealth Avenue. He turned left off Commonwealth Avenue onto Chestnut Hill Drive. He took the left fork onto St. Thomas More Drive and the right turn onto Beacon Street.

Right right right, like the details of MBTA trains and stations. And they can hear the dialogue, for which Higgins is especially noted:

"Just a guy," Cogan said, "guy, a friend of yours, actually. Knows a little about you, told me where to look you up. Well, he didn't tell me himself. He told a guy, and the guy was up here and he told me. Because I asked the guy, this friend of yours."

Flat, elliptical, repetitious, taking a half hour to pass any given point—any Bostonian can recognize it . . . and the drab obscenities and the endless drivel about the Bruins and the Red Sox, and the endless paranoia, and the endless concern with money and influence and things:

At five minutes past two in the afternoon the silver Toronado, black vinyl roof, Rhode Island registration 651 RJ, came up Boylston Street and eased into the curb lane in front of a flocked emerald-green-and-white Fleetwood illegally parked in front of the 1776 Pub. The Toronado stopped in front of Brigham's, car length from the Tremont Street intersection.

Jackie Cogan, in a pilled suede coat, dropped his Salem on the sidewalk . . .

It's Boston all right, mentally and physically, and those who have been there can echo George Bernard Shaw's description of Ulysses as "a repulsive but accurate picture of Ireland." Higgins has now exploited this world for three novels. His forte is the small-time criminal off duty, rapping with his wife and his fellows, and Higgins develops their monologues almost ritually. When the coster isn't jumping on his mother, we are told, he loves to lie a-basking in the sun; but in Boston, hoods spend much of their time worrying—about money, about their wives, about how their kids are turning out, about bills to pay and cars to buy and deals to arrange—and the rest of their time they reminisce about former jobs and old associates and incredible encounters with won-

drously expensive and skillful whores. Higgins evokes clearly a bleak and continually changing world: kids grow up, customs change, new men take over from the dying or incompetent old men, power changes hands, deals succeed or fail, and most of this happens among stupid and cornered people:

And I keep thinking, it's all I do, Jesus, if I could just get some money. I could go out and live like I was a regular human being. But I can't, I haven't come up with anything, no way to get money.

They seldom learn anything, and their nuggets of wisdom are mostly clods:

"The guy's got absolutely no sense of humor and he never did time. He don't know anything."

"He should've," Frankie said.

"There's very few guys," Russell said, "shouldn't've."

Notions like that, as we all know, are generally aimed at the other guy, especially around Boston, and Higgins' heroes possess more than their share of vindictive illogic:

"He made a mistake."

"A long time ago," the driver said.

"He made a mistake a long time ago."

"He made two mistakes," Cogan said. "The second mistake was making the first mistake, like it always is. That's all you get, two mistakes."

Cogan's reasoning is elusive but profitable, since Cogan's trade is murder. Higgins' world, however, is a very hermetic one. We so seldom see ordinary citizens that they come as a surprise when they appear; we don't even see many policemen; we are locked into the milieu of petty crooks who take their orders from invisible authorities—ultimately from the Providence of the Patriarcas—and who perform their violence among themselves. As Benny Siegel may have said, they only kill each other. And that's the subject of Cogan's *Trade*, so far as it has one: death among the criminals. The story . . . but as Dr. Johnson might say, why sir, if you were to read Higgins for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. The action is almost tangential. The characters exist primarily to deliver their long monologues (one, on stealing and disposing of dogs, is a fine Faulknerian comic piece), and when they finally turn

to action in the closing chapters, it's almost a disappointment.

After three novels, it becomes apparent that Higgins is dealing with dangerous material. His mode is realism, and his topic is the banality of evil; the result too often is banal reality, as Paddy Chayevsky demonstrated a few years ago. One thinks again of Shaw on *Ulysses*: "a fidelity so ruthless that it is hardly bearable." But of course the reader of crime novels knows that Higgins has a special place, and he will read all he can. It's a mistake not to.

J. D. O'Hara

A Woman in the Sky

by James Hanley

(Horizon Press; \$6.95)

Absolutely nothing is wasted in this entirely admirable and moving novel. James Hanley, a British novelist whose work is far less widely known in this country than it deserves to be, writes with economy and employs a marvelously oblique method that is reminiscent—the comparison is not meant frivolously—of the work of George V. Higgins: the story is told largely in dialogue, its mysteries and subtleties gradually disclosing themselves in the ordinary conversation of ordinary people.

The woman of the title is not Lennon-McCartney's Lucy in the sky with diamonds, but a sad old bird named Brigid Kavanaugh who lives high in a dreary low-income housing complex in London called Totall Point: "This building has six corridors leading down to the world. And four hundred front doors that are closed, and eight hundred and sixty windows, and three hundred and seventy-five faces behind them, and the roof nudges the clouds."

Shortly after the novel opens we learn that Mrs. Kavanaugh is dead: she has fallen from her window in the sky, her crushed body is discovered by her neighbor Lil Winten. The real story of the novel, therefore, is not the drama of her death but the meaning of her life as it emerges in conversations among her neighbors, the policemen and welfare-council staffers who attempted in their well intentioned but hamhanded fashion to help her, and—most of all—her friend Lena Biddulph.

Some years before Mrs. Biddulph, an

elderly and cantankerous sort, had found Mrs. Kavanaugh blind drunk, had taken her home, and had set up an alliance with her. They became two old women against the world: making weekly trips to the Post Office to get their pension pittance, shoplifting from time to time, getting quietly pickled at a neighborhood pub. Their routine is described by Hanley in a passage of genuine depth and beauty:

. . . Wednesdays to the Post Office, and the man that would smile at them, as he watched one write "Brigid" with a drunken hand, and the other mark with an X as big as herself, so the State knew that somebody was still around. After which the notes crackled and the two women would smile at each other, and shuffle out, and a bell strident onto the silent street. And arm in arm, and a little bent, and the feet moving off in the only direction, the shortest journey to the place where the lights shone, and the glasses tinkled, the orchestra of voices never changing tempo, and none would cry for coda. Nobody noticed them, and nobody spoke to them, yesterday's fragments.

Almost everything in the novel is contained in that haunting passage: the fierce unity of the two women against

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by Simon Lazarus

Former legal counsel to the Federal Communications Commission and New York City's Department of Consumer Affairs

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an uncaring world, the facelessness of the state with which they must deal, the clanny companionship of the pub, the callousness with which "yesterday's fragments" are dismissed.

Yet, intriguingly, *A Woman in the Sky* is not so much about the bleakness of the cold, impersonal urban landscape—which is not to underestimate the outrage with which Hanley depicts it—as it is about the resources people find to contend with it. The most valuable of those, Hanley suggests, is human intimacy, and that is the real subject of his novel.

There are, for example, Lil Winten and her husband Eddy. Lil is miserable in Totall Point and becomes all the more so when the full shock of Mrs. Kavanaugh's death bears in on her. She and Eddy argue angrily about her increasing absorption in the lives of the two old women, about fleeing the city for a more tranquil life. Yet their fights end not in bitterness but in tenderness: "He plunged the room into darkness. 'Fall asleep,' he said, knowing she was glad he was there, with the arm's warmth. He patted her, then turned away and lay flat on his back, hands behind his head, the eyes closed, and he, too, remembering." Like Brigid and Lena, Lil and Eddy have made an intimate alliance against the cold.

Hanley unfolds these tales of intimacy slowly, lovingly, until at the end the reader is totally engaged with the human fabric he has woven. There is true desperation in all these lives—the scene in which Mrs. Kavanaugh, alone in her room, cries out in terror against the night is profoundly frightening—but there is also compassion. Its embodiment is Lena Biddulph. She is a strange, harsh woman, who greets strangers with drunken sarcasm and shouts angrily at chilly bureaucrats. Yet the tenderness with which she cares for Brigid Kavanaugh—writing letters for her to her imaginary son, steering her through battles with the bottle, shielding her against loneliness—elevates her to a sainthood that is quite unexpected and wholly affecting.

A Woman in the Sky is a small book—terse and, when to be so is most important, reticent. But it is large with compassion, concern, understanding. It is a beautiful piece of work, with a dignity to match that of the two women who march in such odd triumph through its pages.

Jonathan Yardley

Yonnonidio: from the Thirties by Tillie Olsen

(Delacorte; \$6.95)

Of major living American writers, Tillie Olsen is the least prolific and among the least read. Her only previously published fiction, *Tell Me a Riddle*, four stories about variously displaced persons, has drawn relatively few readers from the audience for serious fiction; but it remains in print, and those who pick it up are amazed by the emotional power that emerges from Olsen's serenely perfect prose. Her single other book publication, a biographical interpretation of Rebecca Harding Davis' writing, accompanied last year's reissue of Davis' 1861 long story "Life in the Iron Mills," groundbreaking, muckraking fiction that Olsen says "saw the significance, the presage, in scorned or unseen native materials—and wrought them into art." Olsen first read "Life in the Iron Mills" at 15 and was greatly influenced by it; when she describes Davis' attempts to find a vision in poverty-twisted existences, Olsen could be describing *Yonnonidio*, the unfinished novel she began in 1932 when she was 20 and abandoned in 1936. The manuscript was thought to have been permanently lost, but she found it last winter and pieced it together.

"Yonnonidio," the title of a Whitman short poem, is an Iroquois term that means "lament for the aborigines." Whitman mourned those whose sufferings were uncommemorated, "No picture, poem, statement, passing them to the future." Olsen's aborigines are the Holbrooks, the archetypal poor family of American fiction. The father, Jim, is obsessed by his losing battle to keep the family afloat in the Depression; the mother, Anna, whose intellectual aspirations have long been thwarted, is determined that her children will be educated; the oldest child, Mazie, has a heightened consciousness that is constantly on the verge of discovery. The Holbrooks may sound dreadfully familiar, but Olsen puts them on the page with such intensity and poetry that their anguish deepens the archetype.

Unlike the poor protagonists of some highly praised social realist novels of *Yonnonidio*'s period, the Holbrooks' virtues don't give them a superior strength, their defeat has no tinge of triumph. Jim, a miner in some Northwestern state, gets his family by on near-starva-

tion wages and lives each day with the fear of mine collapse. So the Holbrooks go to Nebraska, where they are tenant farmers. The physical freedom of the country is exhilarating, but there is no way for the farm to support them; and they move to a large Midwestern city, probably Chicago, where Jim works in a slaughterhouse. The slums kill what is left of their aspirations; in the novel's second half, which has survived only in fragments, the family collapses.

The cadences of *Yonnonidio* seem almost a development of the structure of "Life in the Iron Mills." Lyrically brutal scenes are followed by pleas that the reader connect these lives with his own. Sentences break off midway; transitions are surprisingly abrupt. But what is a losing struggle with words in Davis is distinctively rhythmic in Olsen. *Yonnonidio*, whose language is often achingly beautiful, is an elegy that acts on the reader indirectly by its emotional suggestiveness, rather than by its direct succession of events. The young Tillie Olsen was already an artist, but her vision was only half formed. Something central is missing from *Yonnonidio*; and, although it may be unfair to judge an unfinished work by normal standards, in this case the finished work might have been similarly unsatisfying. In her youthful enthusiasm for "Life in the Iron Mills," Olsen perhaps didn't realize that Davis saw no redemption for her characters except money. Olsen makes us aware of the Holbrooks' humanity, but *Yonnonidio* is an elegy that is as inarticulate as its characters about what is being mourned.

Until the family comes to the city, the novel belongs to Mazie, who at six is already something of a mystic. From her child's view, everything is twice life-size; defeats are more crushing, but even the smallest discovery is an epiphany. When Mazie finds visions in cloud formations, Olsen comes close briefly to Whitman's pantheism. But in the city the ailing mother Anna becomes the focus, and we only glimpse Mazie. This is a serious mistake. If we could experience the novel's cumulative revelation—poverty is final and all-embracing—through the corrosion of Mazie's sensibility, *Yonnonidio* would be a success despite its fragmentation, because the possibilities that poverty has negated would be real for us. But Anna doesn't become the central figure until long after she has lost her sense of selfhood. She is wrenching, but Olsen can't lift her out of pathos. The hurt of *Yonnonidio* is finally Anna's hurt; and since Anna is

insubstantial, the pain is unlocalized.

In Harriette Arnow's *The Dollmaker*, also about a farm family dislocated in a large city, the reader identifies totally with Gertie Nevels, the strongly intelligent heroine. Her ultimate defeat has a tragic meaning because we know what she might have been. *Yonnondio*, never completed in the first place and undefined in its fragments, needs a center like Gertie. Twenty years after *Yonnondio*, when she wrote the stories of *Tell Me a Riddle*, Olsen found characters who could fully embody her vision of hope within hopelessness, of beauty in the midst of ugliness. *Yonnondio* is a failed attempt at that later achievement, and it puts the reader through much pain without the release that fulfilled art brings; but it offers the opportunity to read a flawed but extraordinary early work knowing that its author would later bring her art to completion.

John Alfred Avant

Bijou by David Madden

(Crown; \$9.95)

David Madden wrote of Joyce Carol Oates: "She is one of the few writers today who has the vision to disturb my sleep, to frighten me when, in banal moments, I involuntarily recall a mood from one of her stories. After reading Miss Oates, one's casual moments are not one's own." Up to now Madden's own curious, lively writing has never threatened me in this way. His criticism has been sharp and far-ranging, his fiction uneven. At times he seemed to be, experimenting for ways to retell the same adventures, searching as it were for the exact form to come to terms with whatever haunted him, whatever forced him to write. Finally, in *Bijou*, he has managed to put it all together. Two weeks after having read this deceptively quiet work I still think about it, about how, in his story of a year (1946) in the life of Lucius Hutchfield of Cherokee, Tennessee, Madden has finally managed to catch a vital part of our American experience. *Bijou* is an important novel.

In *The Poetic Image in 6 Genres* Madden discussed the two imaginative extremes of his own Tennessee childhood. One was listening to his grandmother's

tales. "I sense that my grandmother was aware of the effects her storytelling had on me, and, even as a child, I was aware of another part of myself that stood at a distance, observing the dynamic interplay between teller and listener." More important in terms of *Bijou* was Madden's passion for the movies. "From age four until fifteen, I saw three 'shows' a week, usually twice each . . . I wanted to be able to affect people the way the movies affected the spectators around me; but the only way I could deal with the magic powers of the movies was to write down my own versions. . . ."

For Lucius Hutchfield the movies provide more than the raw material for adolescent daydreams and nightmares, they are more than an escape from a shabby, often terrifying lower-class home. They help regulate, in often melodramatic ways, the boy's character; the adventures of Veronica Lake, Lana Turner and John Garfield are measured against Hutchfield's sense of his own potentiality. They define his life.

Lucius gives up a newspaper route to work as an usher at the Bijou, one of the job's bonuses consisting of passes to other theaters such as the Tivoli, Venice, Hollywood, Valencia and even the rather

ominous Smoky (where on occasion there are late-night burlesque shows). Movies become central to the boy's life; his diary is largely devoted to them, and in addition he collects scraps of discarded film as well as promotional snapshots. One of his teachers reminds him of the "pure body" of Veronica Lake; a girlfriend no better than she should be recalls Claire Trevor or Adele Jergens or Dolores Moran, "for the girls in the low grade movies were less sacrosanct." He almost slugs a fellow for talking dirty about Joan Crawford. And Lucius is sensitive to the different photography in, say, a Paramount film or a Monogram flick.

It is just as well that this imaginative, decent boy can create private visions out of the cinema. 1946 is a tough year for him. At home he is faced with a drunken, roving father, a hard-working, sloppy mother, a grandmother who is setting her cap for a policeman, and most important, two doomed brothers. The responsibilities of brotherhood are common themes in Madden's fiction (especially in the comic *Brothers in Confidence*). Earl, the older brother in *Bijou*, is well established as a criminal; when he comes home he boasts, beats up Lucius and steals his hard-earned wrist-

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watch that glows in the dark. The younger brother, Bucky, is a perpetual truant, a strange, tormented little boy who buddies around with an older, retarded youth. What Lucius sees on the screen doesn't help much. "Bucky himself seemed unable to link yesterday with today and today with tomorrow—to see that he was drawing nearer and nearer the home for wayward children." Lucius is troubled. "Someday when the weather is right, I'd like to take a Sunday afternoon stroll through Bucky Hutchfield's mind."

During 1946 Lucius falls in love with a pretty, unromantic girl who is alternately awed and terrified with his letters and views of the universe. He in turn is turned off by her pack of friends whose habit of taking turns on the same stick of gum offends his sensibilities. Joan Crawford wouldn't be so social. His teachers, with one exception, belittle his talents as a storyteller. It is discovered that he has a claw foot and he is forced to wear special, painful shoes. Most important of all, in a haphazard fashion he discovers an imaginative rival to the movies—the novel. His big hero, of course, is Thomas Wolfe, and as *Bijou* ends Lucius has run away to Asheville, North Carolina to walk the very streets the famous author immortalized. Lucius' sensitivities will obviously now take new shapes.

In the introduction to one of the many volumes he has edited (*American Dreams, American Nightmares*) Madden states that today, in our collective field of vision "in which we perceive mainly the nightmare, the idea of the 'American Dream' has become a cliché." But Madden then cites Wright Morris: "Every cliché once had its moment of truth." This truth, of course, is both factual and imaginative. Wright Morris is one of Madden's literary heroes, and in fact he wrote a full-length study of Morris' fiction. But even more interesting in light of *Bijou* is Madden's book on, of all people, James M. Cain. Discussing Cain and other tough guy writers Madden notes that this unusual genre has become part of our patrimony. "Their manner of dealing with the universals of sex, money, and violence presents a somewhat expressionistic picture of American society and culture in the 1930's and 1940's and provides insights into the American Dream-turned-nightmare and into the all-American boy turned tough guy." Whether or not Lucius turns sour is not the point of *Bijou*. Madden's novel, after all, captures only one crucial year. More Tom Sawyer than Huck Finn,

Lucius is obviously doomed to a life of telling stories and reshaping his past. Whether or not anyone listens will decide his fate.

Charles Shapiro

Kenneth Evelt on art

Eros, Death and The Pastoral Scene

Although the myth of New York City as the innovating creative hub of the universe, along with other complacent American assumptions of the '60s, has been undermined by recent events, New York is still the place to go for a comprehensive view of contemporary art. Amid the outpouring of new work that is brought to that global marketplace every week, a recent sampling yielded to view the erotic art of German surrealist Hans Bellmer, the grim protest images of Lithuanian-born Rudolph Baranik, and the summer-day realist landscapes of the English painter Rackstraw Downes. Each member of this disparate trio represents different traditional attachments, and now-up, now-down positions on the merry-go-round of cultural change.

Bellmer's uninhibited revelations of his erotic fantasies are well known in Europe, but for some reason they have not caught on in this supposedly sex-obsessed country. His first major American showing, currently on exhibition at the Sidney Janis Gallery, will probably change all that.

Bellmer uses the liberating iconographic devices of surrealism to create metamorphic images that convey his preoccupation with the human body. He has gazed upon and thought about that familiar corporal frame and its orifices, creases, juices, hair, flesh, bones, innards and excrement with single-minded concentration. In his proliferating visions of all-embracing physicality, conventional distinctions of sex roles, body structure and behavior are en-

gulfed by the force of his erotic imagination. In addition to run-of-the-mill perversions and sado-masochistic commonplaces, Bellmer has invented an unusual array of fetishes and sex objects (including a headless, armless, legless female doll) that seem to me original and that may, for all I know, be psychologically significant. But while his designs exude carnality, they are drawn in an immaculately elegant style. Bellmer has had a sound academic training, understands anatomy, and knows all the serviceable conventions of Western drawing. He defines his amalgamated assemblages of bosoms, bottoms, wrinkled scrotums, dripping vaginas and erect penises (though the alignment of these anatomical items may not coincide with our conventional, God-given distribution of parts) with all the authority of a traditional Renaissance draftsman. These forms play a typical surrealist game of ambiguous boundaries and spatial location as they intermingle with furniture, clothing, adornments and architecture. Frequently employing x-ray vision, Bellmer delineates his forms with contours that are a marvel of grace and assurance, and his control of abstract elements is impeccable.

However both his sexual obsessions and his over-lush drawing can be cloying. His work is sometimes reminiscent of Nell Brinkley's newspaper nymphets of the '30s or Petty's curvaceous spray-gun dolls in an old *Esquire* magazine. While it is easy to be seduced by the manifold richness of Bellmer's work, an occasional whiff of commercial vulgarity

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

PETER DAVISON is director of the *Atlantic Monthly Press*. ANDREW M. GREELEY is program director of the *National Opinion Research Center, University of Chicago* and author of the recently published *Building Coalitions: American Politics in the 1970's (New Viewpoints)*. JOHN DEEDY is the managing editor of *Commonweal*. J. D. O'HARA teaches English at the *University of Connecticut, Storrs*. JONATHAN YARDLEY is book editor of the *Miami Herald*. JOHN ALFRED AVANT is a librarian at the *Brooklyn Public Library* and a freelance writer and critic. CHARLES SHAPIRO has taught at the *University of Rhode Island* and is currently writing a book on *Anthony Powell*. KENNETH EVETT is chairman of the department of art, *College of Architecture, Art and Planning, Cornell University*.

emanates from it. Galleries along the Rue de Seine are filled with similar examples of latter-day European surrealism. In such work, while the content is anarchic, erotic or irrational, the execution is excessively suave and adroit. Lacking the wild humor and prickly irreverence of the early surrealists, Bellmer, Dali and lesser practitioners of the genre have now made it chic and respectable.

Baranik, on the other hand, is preoccupied with Eros' ancient foe. The ashy, volcanic tones of black and grey that dominated his recent exhibition at the Lerner-Heller Gallery established a convincing ambience of doom. Baranik emigrated to the United States in 1938, subsequently studied in Paris for two years, and has worked and struggled amid the byzantine plots, alliances and shifting fads of the New York art scene ever since. His work reflects the tensions and contradictions of such a career. He has endeavored to relate the classic canons of Western European design to various phases of recent American painting. Trying to civilize abstract expressionism is about as futile as trying to invest the nihilist reductions of Ad Reinhardt with humane content, yet Baranik attempts to reconcile such polarities and at the same time relate them to his own left-wing social concerns.

Images of the napalmed head of a Vietnam child provide the dominant motifs of Baranik's exhibition. They appear as blown-up photographs and painted definitions that are then artfully assembled along classic horizontal and vertical axial bands—with all pressures, distances and weights carefully, handsomely accounted for. This conjunction of horrendous content and formal elegance strikes me as incongruous. The minimal-formalist phase of American painting that has produced black-on-black pictures, one-toned pictures, all square pictures, and only horizontal-or-vertical-band pictures may appeal to our Cotton Mather sensibilities, but such abstract systems are remote in spirit from poignant content or the thorny possibilities of political subject matter. Although I share many of Baranik's social views, value his allegiance to the high tradition of European art, and believe as he does in the fundamental importance of formal order in painting, his consistent use of sophisticated abstract formulas leads him into lapses of good taste—and that can be the kiss of death.

Meanwhile at the Kornblee Gallery, a British-born artist with the Dickensian,

villainous name of Rackstraw Downes was exhibiting his small oils of New England scenery. These 19th-century visions of bucolic landscapes, cows grazing in the meadow under milky or limpid skies, seem to have more in common with Grandma Moses and Constable than with the academic rigidities of post-cubist painting. Downes' easy, unpretentious pictures have a deadpan air of innocence that at first glance seems innocuous. But then they begin to give off a kind of luminous radiance, and beneath the appearance of quasi-primitive plainness can be found surprising and subtle abstract connections and beautiful passages of paint. Acting as though the color theories of the impressionists, the color freedom of the Fauves, or the exclusive chromatic emphasis of "color field" painters had never existed, Downes simply paints the colors that he sees. His paintings therefore have the shock of recognition. They provide a convincing statement of the special character of a certain landscape at a particular hour in specific weather. Downes' painting technique is consonant with his vision. Simple strokes of oil paint applied with old-fashioned brushes delineate with forthright directness the way the forms grow and go. In the present state of American painting, this seemingly simple act becomes a radically innovative move.

Downes is one of that new breed of artist-teachers who have found their way into the traditionally scholarly, often philistine confines of Ivy League schools. Yale and Columbia have long had influential art programs and strong links with the New York scene, but recently artists like Varujan Boghosian at Dartmouth, Jason Seley and Friedel Dzubas at Cornell have left the stimulating struggles of the New York art scene for the comparative quiet of academe. Although such artists still feel the need to exhibit in the big city, their migration is part of a significant pattern of decentralization that is now taking place in the art world. Like the enclaves of provincial artists from such places as Boulder, Colorado, who recently exhibited in the unduly maligned "Extraordinary Realities" show at the Whitney, their detachment from the New York imbroglio may be a source of independent strength. At least they are bound to have a different perspective from the current crop of third-hand minimalists and abstract expressionists who still believe in the New York myth and who are now hopelessly encapsulated by the limits of that parochial misconception.

Fine Print

Doris Grumbach

I have just returned from sailing around the waters of the British Virgin Islands, full of sunburn, sleep and some rather haphazard but nonetheless revealing observations about the reading habits of Americans on vacation. The trip promised a great deal of leisure, the winds and waters of the Caribbean being what they are. I, always nervous at the prospect of having nothing to read (like an addict who begins to worry about the next fix long before the present one has worn off), went armed with three sets of bound galleys, one of which came apart in a brisk wind and occasioned some spectator hilarity as I went down a vertical shipside ladder and into a choppy sea to retrieve page 18 of Carol Emshwiller's superb stories (to be published in late spring).

What were my fellow sailors reading? Three among the 53 passengers were engrossed in *The Exorcist* in its by-now-familiar, symbolically red paperback edition and, as far as I could tell, each of them finished it in six days aboard, although one was still hard at the last chapter the morning we sailed into Roadtown, Tortola. Someone was reading, also for the six days, an aged Agatha Christie. Two volumes each of Frederick Forsyth's *The Day of the Jackal* and *The Odessa File* (Bantam) were in evidence, although I only spotted two people with them actually in hand. One lady whom I suspected of being a mature graduate student was reading *Three Negro Classics*, and seemed to have progressed through *Up From Slavery* and *Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man* before she advanced into *The Education of Henry Adams*. Her marker was at page 33 when the ship docked, so I suspect Henry Adams does not serve too well at sea. There were no newspapers, few magazines aboard to absorb reading energies. I hypothesized that the absence of interest in books might be accounted for by the presence of the sea, the softness of the Southern air, the heat of the sun which must, in most cases, be anti-intellectual and certainly dominant over the recessive power of printed words and ideas.

I forgot: a lawyer from the Middle West was reading Solzhenitsyn's *August, 1914*. He confessed he could make very little of it, and hoped that further volumes would serve to explain to him the sig-

nificance of some of the transient, insufficiently extended characters. He finished the book and gave it to his Swedish wife, who was pregnant and therefore somewhat more sedentary than the other passengers. She made a few brave starts into it, and then gave it up.

But it may have been that there were too many people aboard the *Yankee Clipper* to allow for the privacies required for reading. I sat beside Endicott Peabody (former governor of Massachusetts) on the plane back from San Juan to Washington. He had been spending a stationary week in the islands, told me he had read 10 books in seven days, among them *Jaws* by Peter Benchley (whose father, Nathaniel, had been a classmate of his), Louis Auchincloss' recent fiction about lawyers, *The Partners* (for obvious reasons: one, Peabody is senior member of a Washington law firm), a life of Robert E. Lee, Montgomery's autobiography, a Mickey Spillane, etc. So the gentle art of the book is not lost, perhaps only suspended when under sail.

I returned to land to learn of the deaths of two contributors to these pages: the poet, novelist and critic, Michele Murray, and the critic, scholar and teacher, Charles Thomas Samuels.

Michele Murray, a woman of extraordi-

nary charm, intelligence and character, had a long struggle with cancer which, if the days before, and manner of, her death are proof, never conquered her spirit despite her death on March 14 at the age of 40. It is probable that the mode of her dying, as well as the contents of her artistic and critical life, will become widely known now, for no one that I can recall, since Charles Wertenbaker, prepared better for death than Michele Murray. There is extant a journal of her illness that she kept, a portion of it read by her husband James Murray at her funeral mass, which must surely see print, and her poetry, which may well turn out to be her most significant contribution to American letters (*The Great Mother and Other Poems* to be published in the fall by Sheed & Ward). TNR began its series of *Restorations* with Mrs. Murray's acute and sensitive observations on Susan Hill's *The Bird of Night* (February 16, 1974), published her review of Grace Paley's new book last week, and will publish her review, written in the last week of her life, of Susan Hill's new novel, in April. Her courage and talent will not permit those who knew her to rest in peace: there will be much written about her and, inevitably, much of her work printed and reprinted in the years ahead. At the time of her death she was book editor of *The National Observer*, which printed her most recent review side by side with

her obituary.

Charles Thomas Samuels has reviewed regularly for TNR since 1969, often writing as many as six or eight reviews a year, and always bringing to bear upon major American fiction, criticism and books on film a sharp, precise, clear eye. Writing lucid, literate prose he made an important contribution to contemporary scholarship in *The Ambiguity of Henry James* (University of Illinois Press, 1971, and still in print), wrote a study of *John Updike* (University of Minnesota Press), and two books on film and directing, all still in print. Professor Samuels taught English at Williams College, was a regular contributor to several other publications, including *The New York Times* and *Atlantic*. Last week in these pages he reviewed Richard Adams' new book, *Watership Down*. He was 38.

Correspondence

Oil Economics

Sirs:

In the March 16 issue of *The New Republic* you reported that the Energy Emergency Act [which the President vetoed] "required a rollback of crude oil prices from around \$10 a barrel to \$7.08 a barrel," and that "this applied to only 21.5 percent of our total supply." This statement, however, is incorrect since the act contained no reference to "new" or "old" or "controlled" or "uncontrolled" oil. The provisions of the bill applied to all domestically produced crude oil including the oil now price-controlled at \$5.25 a barrel.

In other words, according to the Energy Emergency Act all oil, both the oil selling for \$10 a barrel and the oil selling for \$5.25 a barrel could have been sold at a maximum of \$7.08 a barrel. Looked at another way this so-called rollback provision was rather a roll-up provision that would have set the price for all domestically produced crude oil at \$7.08.

Further on you correctly observe that less than a year ago, "all oil was selling for about \$3.40 a barrel." My opposition to this bill was based precisely on this fact, namely, that the Nixon administra-

My sentence has introduced me to the language of mutes who find themselves sprinkled like dull pebbles across the stony north of their lives. It's no howling wilderness, only human gibberish invading the syntax of speech. I'd strutted my fine language like a hooped costume—it was the wrong metaphor. A prayer in the shadows was needed—no more. Describing strawberries is incendiary if gnarled hands cannot pluck them. We is what I practice saying to convicts and charwomen and all who shuffle among smoky dreams & wake coughing & wiping their eyes without even the night smear of hope to dampen the lids. A word here. A word there. I've crossed the border crouching at the back of a guide with an apple face. In my new country people with rags stretch out their hands; anyone is welcome, even those who, like myself, forgot the country's common speech. For two words they'll make me one of them. Those who know their end lose the sounds of pride.

—October 1973

MICHELE MURRAY

tion without obtaining cost evidence, unjustifiedly raised the price of crude oil to \$5.25 a barrel and set up a category of uncontrolled oil that is currently fetching \$10.50 a barrel.

Few people are aware, however, that much of the oil that is currently being sold for \$10.50 a barrel is really so-called "old" oil that should really be selling for \$5.25 a barrel. What crafty producers are doing is quite simple. Some of them are drilling "new" wells adjacent to "old" wells. The old oil is then pumped up the "new" well and thus fetches the "new" oil price. No "new" oil is really found; producers are merely redefining "old" oil and calling it "new" oil to take advantage of the higher price. This is one reason why production instead of increasing, like the administration and industry promised, has decreased. According to the American Petroleum Institute's own latest statistics, crude oil production in the United States has declined over 200,000 barrels a day in March 1974 compared to March 1973, a few months prior to the first round of unjustified price increases.

While you suggest that Congress could attack profits more directly by repealing the depletion allowance, an even more fundamental attack must be made. It is clear that the only reason the oil companies can force up the price of oil and drive out competition and gobble up alternative energy resources is because of their enormous economic power. The power of the major oil companies can only be controlled by breaking up their monopoly.

James Abourezk
US Senator, S. Dak.

Greek Gifts

Sirs:

In "Onassis and the Vanishing Yankee" (TNR, Feb. 23, 1974) Daniel Ford focuses on Olympic Refineries' methods in its plan to "seduce" the New Hampshire legislature into allowing the world's largest oil refinery to be built at Durham, New Hampshire. He mentions only in passing the supertanker offshore terminal to be located at the Isles of Shoals.

For over 75 years Star Island, one of the Isles of Shoals, has been owned, through the Star Island Corporation, by

the Unitarian-Universalist Association. Each summer this primitive area, 10 miles off the New Hampshire coast, serves as a center of renewal and spiritual uplift for hundreds of families of all faiths. Several week-long conferences are held ranging from general family vacations to the erudite Institutes on Religion in an Age of Science and on Foreign Affairs. Additionally Cornell University has established the only all-year cold water marine laboratory on Appeldore, largest of the isles, just one mile across Gosport Harbor from Star Island. Imagine, if you can, the effect of regular "supertanker" unloadings in the midst of this unspoiled environment. Imagine further the effect when, inevitably, a coupling breaks and a hose lies for hours quietly bubbling oil into the cold Atlantic.

One further point. Our government assures us that the United States will be self-sufficient in petroleum by 1980. If that is true, then Olympic's refinery is superfluous since it is being built to process foreign crude oil. It is only "bottom line" philosophy, rigidly and illogically adhered to, that would allow Olympic's plan to proceed.

Benjamin M. Vandegrift
Lexington, Virginia

Housing Allowances

Sirs:

Malcolm Peabody's proposal (TNR, March 9, 1974) for subsidizing middle-income housing production is an interesting one, used with considerable economic and social success in Europe. But it is outrageous to link that idea with the abolition of subsidies for constructing housing for the poor. The middle-income housing deficit is severe, but the lower-income housing need is immensely greater, as the recent Harvard-MIT study demonstrated.

So far, of course, President Nixon has stopped all housing for the poor and aged but has not started subsidies for the middle class. And the cash allowance system, if ever actually implemented, would simply turn the disadvantaged over to the slum landlords among Mr. Nixon's friends the realtors.

Wendell G. Addington
Detroit, Michigan

Kauffmann, from page 16

an off-Broadway show. Some six years ago I saw *Hair* twice, once down at the Public Theater, once up on Broadway. *Hair* wasn't exactly a failure uptown but, for me, it was much weaker when it was stuck up on a platform in front of the audience. Downtown the audience had surrounded the show, had seemed to compress and increase the youthful energy in it. I think Prince and friends may have learned from this difference. They realized how integral the shape of the production of *Candide* was to success — commercial success even more than artistic fulfillment.

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day night) can go, is flocking, to off-Broadway adventure right on Broadway itself. Some of the audience used to get kicks from searching out novelty and experiment in the Village and elsewhere; now the adventure is being silver-plattered up by the ticket agencies. This is not the first time that off-Broadway has fed the Main Stem; nor was *Hair* the first time. But, to my knowledge, this is the first time that "off-Broadwayness" has been preserved in the commercial move, has been transported whole to the big time.

And this is further evidence of the great shift in the American theater since World War II. Up to 1950 or so, Broadway fed the theaters of America and supplied American plays to the world. It was the source of virtually all new American plays of any importance and of production ideas. Now Broadway is the source of almost nothing. Its musicals come from films or off-Broadway or are revivals; its plays come from abroad or off-Broadway. Now off-Broadway *itself*, so to speak, has come to Broadway, to provide a new kind of Broadway hit. Dr. Pangloss would have been pleased; by his standards it would have only proved further that this is the best of all possible worlds.

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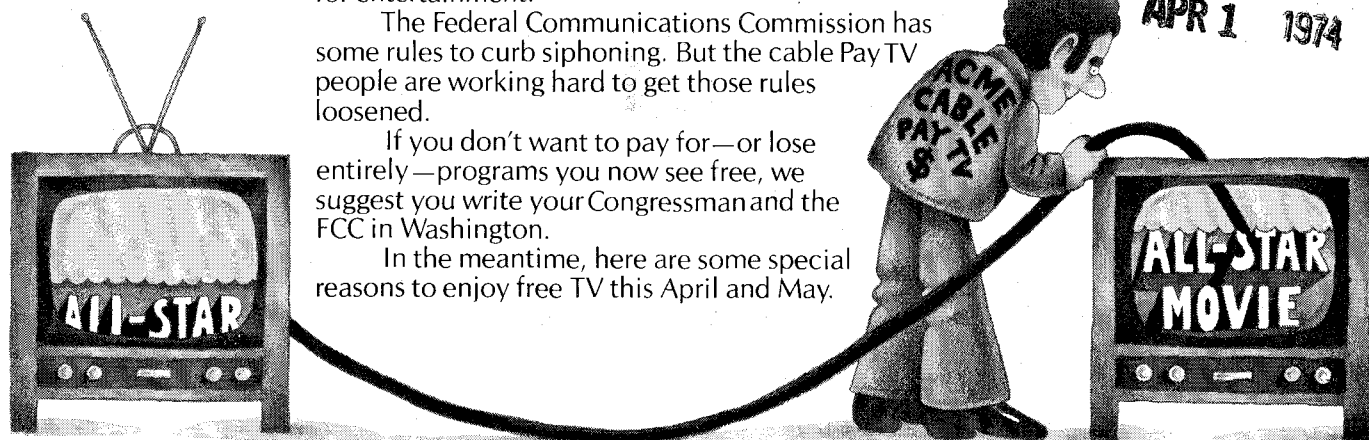
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The Movies. (Part II) Traces history of American cinema. Monday, April 1 (9-11 pm).

Academy Awards. Cinema's outstanding efforts. Tuesday, April 2 (10 pm-midnight).

Clerow Wilson's Great Escape. Flip Wilson character in series of animated misadventures. Wednesday, April 3 (8-8:30 pm).

Crown Matrimonial. Drama based on 1936 abdication of King Edward VIII starring Greer Garson, Peter Barkworth, Anna Cropper. Wednesday, April 3 (8:30-10 pm).

NBC News Presents: Special Edition. Three Nobel Prize scientists probe cancer research. Wednesday, April 3 (10-11 pm).

Portrait: A Man Whose Name Was John. Raymond Burr in dramatic incident in life of Pope John XXIII. Friday, April 5 (10-11 pm).

Marshall Efron's Illustrated, Simplified and Painless Sunday School. Story of Passover; Easter and Spring. Sundays, April 7, 21 (10-10:30 am).

The Story of Jacob and Joseph. Drama based on biblical story starring Colleen Dewhurst, Keith Michell, Herschel Bernardi. Narrated by Alan Bates. Sunday, April 7 (8:30-10:30 pm).

Women of the Year, 1974. Honors to outstanding women. Monday, April 8 (10-11 pm).

It's the Easter Beagle, Charlie Brown. Tuesday, April 9 (8-8:30 pm).

Harlequin. Original ballet based on *commedia dell'arte* character choreographed and danced by Edward Villella, with Patricia McBride as Columbine. Wednesday, April 10 (3:30-4:30 pm).

The Greatest Story Ever Told. The story of Christ with Max Von Sydow, Sidney Poitier, Angela Lansbury, Charlton Heston, Dorothy

McGuire, Shelley Winters. Friday, April 12; Saturday, April 13 (9-11 pm).

What Is Impeachment All About? Impeachment procedures explained to young people. Saturday, April 13 (1-1:30 pm).

The First Woman President. Story of how Mrs. Woodrow Wilson virtually took over reins of Presidency when her husband suffered stroke. Starring Eva Marie Saint, Richard Basehart. Sunday, April 14 (9:30-10:30 pm).

Tony Awards. The best of Broadway. Sunday, April 21 (9-11 pm).

The Yanks are Coming. The American Heritage—Story of doughboy in World War I taken from his diaries and people who knew him. Monday, April 22 (8-9 pm).

Larry. GE Theater—Factual account of man who spent most of his life in a mental institution. Tuesday, April 23 (9:30-11 pm).

The Presidency. The American Parade—Traces history of nation's highest office. Wednesday, April 24 (8-9 pm).

Wedding Band. ABC Theatre—Alice Childress play starring Ruby Dee. Wednesday, April 24 (9-11 pm).

The Paper Prison: Your Government Records. ABC News Closeup. Thursday, April 25 (10-11 pm).

Wild Science. Developments in quest for scientific knowledge. Narrated by Peter Falk. Friday, April 26 (8-9 pm).

Love from A to Z. Liza Minnelli and Charles Aznavour blend talents. Tuesday, April 30 (10-11 pm).

The Hollywood Bowl. ABC Afterschool Special—World of music via animation and live action.

Wednesday, May 1 (4:30-5:30 pm).

The Incredible Flight of the Snow Geese. Glen Campbell narrates naturalist film. Monday, May 6 (8-9 pm).

Duty Bound. NBC Religious Special—Courtroom drama about amnesty. Sunday, May 26 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Emmy Awards. Television's top performers and programs. Tuesday, May 28 (12 noon-1:30 pm—Daytime awards); (9-11 pm—Major awards).

Pursuit of Youth. Examines costs of quest for youth. Thursday, May 30 (10-11 pm).

Art Thefts. ABC News Closeup—Look at the international art heist business. May. TBA.

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/CBS Morning News/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Mister Rogers' Neighborhood/Electric Company

Saturday: In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Yogi's Gang/Super Friends/Emergency + 4/Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids/GO/CBS Children's Film Festival/ABC Wide World of Sports/Reasoner Report

Sunday: In the News/Multiplication-Grammar Rock/Kid Power/Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/Camera Three/Make a Wish/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/60 Minutes/The Wonderful World of Disney/Masterpiece Theatre/NBC News Special Edition

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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